

Paradoxical
ASSERTIONS
AND
Philosophical
PROBLEMS

Full of Delight and Recreation for
Ladies and Youthful Fancies.

B V



LACROIX, No. 1.

*Ne sinit hunc librum, studio digesta solent,
Interdum prius quam fiat, contemplata reperiuntur.*

LONDON, Printed by E. W. and are to be sold
Charles Smith, at the Diamond in
St. Pauls Church-yard, 1695.

ASSERTIONS

PROBLEMS



To my Honoured Friend,
Thomas Norton in Black-
Friers, D. D. P.

SIR,

T Hese following Paradoxi-
cal Assertions, long since
written by the Authour for his
Youthful Pastime and Delight,
are now made publique for the
Recreation of others also. The
great Friendship you have had
and still preserve with the Au-

The Epistle, &c.

thor, may make a just Claim for you to any of his performances. But though your modesty will not challenge a priority of Dedication, nor do these Joco-seria of his need any Patronage: Yet that Kindness and Humanity which for his sake you have freely expressed to me, is of it self without other respects, sufficient to embolden me to this presumption, and to subscribe my self,

S I R,

Your very obliged Servant
at your command, R. W.

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[The main body of the page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is arranged in several paragraphs, with some lines appearing as distinct horizontal bands of darker ink. The overall quality is poor, with significant noise and low contrast.]

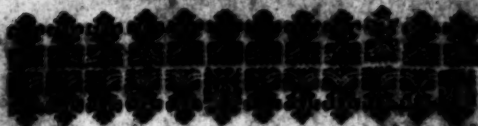
Errata.

In the Paradoxical Assertions.

PAGE 33. line. 31. read Scarz. p. 34. l. 16. r. *Correllors*. p. 41. l. 24. r. *interre*. p. 46. l. 3. r. *habens*. p. 48. l. 7. r. *We ses*. p. 50. l. 22. r. *Ferdinand*. p. 52. l. 26. r. *Calphurina*. p. 53. l. 2. r. *Tanaquils*. p. 54. l. 7. r. *Messalina*. p. 55. l. 2. r. *anlicam*. p. 61. l. 19. r. *Luxacy*. p. 71. l. ult. r. *imperitarini*.

In the table of the Problems, read *Botanick* & *Hermetick*.

In the Problems, pag. 2. l. 11. r. *Syergullinians*. p. 7. l. 7. f. *reverse*. p. 14. l. 12. r. *the cool Stones*. p. 24. l. 9. r. *Botanick*. p. 25. l. 17. r. *Botanist*. p. 27. l. 6. r. 19. p. 33. l. 8. r. *Change, Burse, or Coffy-boufer*.



The Contents of the PARADOXICAL ASSERTIONS.

That Women ought to Preach as well as Men.

That there are more Worlds then one.

That Physicall Purgations kill more then they cure.

That there is no pleasure in the Coition with a Man
own Wife.

That frequent Fires in a Metropolis to consume the
dwelling Houses are necessary.

That next to a Man the Louse is the noblest Crea-
ture.

That the famous Art of Printing is the worst that
ever was invented.

That Imprisonment is better then Liberty.

That Kings ought not to have Monuments.

That he that hath but one Eye sees better, farther,
and more, then he that hath two Eyes.

That

The Contents.

That Women should follow the Camp.

*That Constancy to one Mistress, is a Solatium
in Nature, and a greater sin then Fornication
with many.*

*That the deepest Scholars are the shallowest
Asses.*

That he that hath no Enemies is most miserable.

*That it is better to be the Head of a Private House,
then the Tail of a Noble Family.*

Para-

Paradoxical Assertion 1.

Concionari vltim Feminis quàm Viris licitum.

That Women ought to preach as well as Men.

IT were a hard Chapter to impose Silence on Women, or to say more plainly, 'twere madness to think they can be Pythagoreans, unless *Pythagora's* Soul by his way of Transmigration could creep into, and masculate their Female Bodies. Nay, it might be thought repugnant to Reason also, to suppose that Woman, who are flesh and Blood, as Men are, should be as mute as Fishes.

Æsop's demure Cat transformed into a Woman, so soon as a Mouse appeared, forgot her new Nature, and instantly meowed: so let but a Question be started in the Parliament of Women, and 'tis an even lay, they'll all be Speakers. Well then, that they may make use of their Tongues, the most agil and best member they have, and for that very purpose given them, must be by all allowed fit, since they never took *Hippocrates* his Oath, nor

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indeed

indeed could ever any yet oblige them Silence. For if the Tongue be the proper Instrument of Rhetorick to exhort and work upon the Hearts and Ears of any Auditory, why not the Tongue of a Woman, who is the perfection of Mankind; whose majestick Eyes command Attention, whose smiling attractive looks win and charm the Affections; whose smooth and stately Foreheads seem to awe men into obedience; whose Lips (which are the doors of Eloquence) breathe nothing but Harmony: and in fine, whose Angelick Faces, speak both Peace, Hope, Joy, and Happiness, even when they themselves are most silent?

But you'll object, that though the power of their Rhetorical and Harmonious Countenances is really effective to dehort or animate, dissuade or captivate their attentive Auditors, and draw all their eyes and hearts together, as it were, into a purse-net, yet are they scarce fit to meddle in Sacred affairs, or of capacity enough to preach, expound, and set forth the deep mysteries of Divinity. You'll farther object perhaps, that they are ignorant, by reason they have not studied or seen the Academies, nor conversed so much with learned men, whose rational Discourses might have better instructed them.

To this I answer, They are of the long Robe also, and spend most of their time in dressing their Heads especially, and that there are few wise Women.

men, but do converse with men, and that frequently, either by traversing Cases of Conscience when that pricks them, or opening the case when full of intricacy, or by displaying the Body of Divinity, in orderly spreading the Limbs, and dividing each part of the Text, and handling each natural member thereof with as much dexterity and cunning as can be desired. As for Controversies, who more versed in them then they? For Schooling, School-Points, and moot questions, who more studied in them then they? And as for Degrees, though they commence not from, or amongst the Muses, who use all Female too) yet in all publick places, who minde, study or take them more, or who observe more their degrees of gradual preheminance? Nay, as some of the Disciples vainly questioned amongst themselves, who should be greatest in Heaven? So no doubt but they believe or hope at least, that their Heralds will marshal and place them according to their Husbands ranks and qualities in the other world also: That they are honourable and worthy of their degrees is undeniable, onely whether they have arrived to a competent degree of Learning, is the Dispute now in question.

And I pray who need doubt it? their first Mother Eve did eat of the Tree of Knowledge, and that same Knowledge hath been as it were her due, derived from her, attributed to, and propagated

gated in that cunning Sex particularly ever since.

Indeed in this learned Age who is ignorant? Where so many Teachers are, who can want knowledge? When Lay-men do preach, why not Lay-women? when blue Aprons can hold forth, why ought not the white Aprons, those gentle flags of Peace and Innocency be set up and displayed? Examine their occult qualities, and you will soon acknowledge, that who ever bears the Bell away, yet they will ever carry the Clapper, which speaks for their interior parts, and ever proclaims them most worthy. Weigh but their deep knowledge in Naturals, their profound experience in Physick and Metaphysicks, and set *Solomon* aside, (who got his wisest knowledge too, as may be presumed, by his frequent converse with that Sex) you shall finde more wit and cunning in some Women, then you shall perceive in most Men. For observe it, besides him, and those few that came out of the East, how few wise men are recorded in the Scriptures? But for wise and holy Women, how many?

Again, if Witches (who are generally reputed wise Women) may fill up the number, (though Holy Writ mentions but one famous, that of *Endor*) yet with how many such Sages doth this latter and wiser Age swarm, even to amazement? And in holy Story how many Prophetesses were there? I dare say, far exceeding the number of

Assertions.

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the Prophets, the small ones and all put together.

But what need I look so far back? Though *Epiphanius* upbraided *Marcion*, that he suffered Women to baptize; and though he derided the Romanists that they made Women Bishops, yet have we not had Pope *Joan* of *Mentz* sitting supreme in the Apostolick Chair, poizing the Crosser with as much infallible judgement, uncontrollable reason, and with as much gravity and cunning experience as other Spinsters do handle their Distaff? The pregnant Church then big with miracles, implored the aid and Midwifery of a Woman-Bishop; and may she not now again grown big with another Tympany of Heresie, relie on the skill of another *Juno Lucina*? How diligent were these famous Empreesses *Eudoxia* and *Pulcheria* courted and solicited by the Pope for the establishment of *Easter*? How did *Pelagius* strive by his frequent Letters to win the Empress to his side? How considerable were Women then in Church-affairs? And as *Julia* in publique Coins had the honour to be stiled the Mother of the Army, of the Gods, the Senate, and her Countrey; So why may not the learned Women of this age (if they but live unmarried, without a head, like Queen *Elizabeth*) hope in time again to become heads themselves, and Nursing-mothers of the Church?

For tell me, where should Learning reside but

in such compt and ornate heads? Where should the Kernel of Knowledge dwell, but in such sage and polite Shells? Where should the saltness of Wit that seasons our souls borrow that sarcasmatical tartness they have, but from their powdered Locks, ingenuous Tiara's, and gay Embellishments? And though I will not use this as an Argument further, then as daily experience proves it in the negative; yet we may generally observe, that there are not so many natural Fools of that Sex, as of the other, though it be termed the weakest.

All Anatomists have observed, that *Cor in homine, Lingua in Famina, is ultimum moriens*; the Heart of a Man, and the Tongue of a Woman hath the last motion: which vigorous life in that nervous member doth sufficiently demonstrate, that Nature, who made nothing in vain, did intend that the Womans Tongue should not be idle, but be ever imployed for the benefit of Mankind, as from whom we do all indeed first learn our Mother Tongue, For since Truth it self goes naked, where should she be found but amongst Women, who in imitation of her go almost naked also; and keep their Pulpits ready both for Lay and Clergy-men to preach in.

To conclude then, Speak they may, and teach too, but that ought to be the Catechism to their Children at home; they may do neither in the Church;

Church : and do things decently and orderly they ought , as that they may best do in their Closets and Dairies.

Paradoxical Assertion 2.

Plures sunt Mundi.

That there are more Worlds then one.

A Sophister amongst other Thefes, maintained this , *Non esse nisi unicum mundum* , which position his opponent sophistically confuted out of our Saviours words in St. Luke, where the ten Lepers being cleansed , and but one returning, Christ expostulates after this manner, *Nonne decem facti sunt mundi ?* If therefore, said the Argumentator, it be true which Christ hath averred ; then is the Position false, and there are ten Worlds. The ingenious Moderator instantly confuted this fallacious Argument out of the Context, where Christ addes, *Sed novem, ubi sunt ? Non est inventus nisi hic unus.* Where are the nine ? There is none found save this one. The re-party was as smart and quick-witted, as the other fallax was idle and frivolous. But I shall not need to bring such vain impertinent arguments

into the field to maintain this Problem, since upon very good grounds and reasons I shall evidence that there is another World, to wit, in the Moon, and shall make that World appear as clear as the Sun it self to any man of Reason and Judgement; that is not Moon-blind, or pertinaciously obstinate.

Let not any man therefore conclude me Lunatick or mad in asserting this Novel, before he hath weighed my Arguments in the equal scales of an unprejudicate understanding. For let the indifferent and unbyassed Observatour look but into the bottom of this Well, where this truth hath lain so long hid, and he shall clearly see in the serenity thereof, if not another world besides this one reflected; yet at least a World of Reason, by the help of which Reason, he shall draw out thence many more Worlds then this Orbicular-Globe of Water and Earth which we tread on.

Well may I therefore conclude that great Victor of the World, *Alexander*, most ignorant, (though *Aristotle* was his Tutor) as well as most unhappy and miserable, in wishing there were more Worlds to conquer, who never knew or dreamt of any other World, save this he lived in.

And in truth so may I conclude of all other prophane Worldlings, like unto him, who fix and set up their Herculean Pillars here, supposing a

Ne plus ultra here on earth. For had that mighty *Nimrod* of Kingdoms lived but till now in this Speculative Age, I should not onely have convinced him of this Plurality of Worlds; but by Demonstration, and that without the help of *Galileo's* Prospectives, have shew'd him one more in the Moon, besides this, or that other hereafter.

Origen was of opinion, there should be more worlds successively one after another; fearing, saith *Bodin*, God should be idle: or as *Plato* suggests, lest Mankind being destroyed, God should want Praise and Sacrifice. Ridiculous Conceits! 'Tis a plurality of Worlds at present I contend for.

Every Childe can see the Man in the Moon; and shall not Men of riper Judgement and clearer Eye-sight see and conceive more men there, and believe also that it is habitable? Do not those dusky Spots there plainly represented, perfectly resemble the Earth, whilst the white and brighter parts there are the Sea, as *Plutarch*, *Thales*, and *Pythagoras* affirm? How manifestly doth a Melancholy Astrologer discover Hills and Dales there, and the like Promontories and Concavities? If the Sun then be the Centre of the World, the Earth a Planet moved about the Sun, the Planets inhabited, each having his particular fixt Centre, and they all dancing in a Celestial Chorus and Harmony about the Sun: If they be of that infinite vastness

vastness and distance one from another, as that our World to one there should appear but as *Punctum indivisibile*, small in respect: as all our *Copernical* Heaven-Lopers and *Neoterick* Astrologers affirm, as knowingly, as if they had used *Icaromenippus* his wings in *Lucian*, to have flown thither, and seen what was done in Heaven. Why may there not be then infinite Worlds? Why may not an Infinite Cause (as God is) cause and produce Infinite Effects? *Job* insinuates as much, *Who shaketh the Earth out of her place*. Well may we then admit of *Brutus* infinite Worlds and Suns; of *Kepler's* Lunar Geography; and believe with *Campanella*, *Galileus*, *Origanus*, &c. that the Earth hath motion, is a Planet, and shines like the Moon, to these Lunar Inhabitants. Is not the World then in the Moon's face, as plain as the Nose in a mans face? ——— *Credas Judeas Appella.*

Besides, Is there not a World of Knavery, Bribery, Simony, Falshood, Deceit? &c. And is not man himself another Microcosm, the exact Epitome of the Greater contracted into a lesser form? Since then every man is a World, and in that little World are concentred a world of Fancies, Imaginations, Thoughts, &c. then certainly we may conclude, that there are a World of Worlds, besides this one material Orb of Air, Earth, and Water which we breathe in.

Paradoxical Assertion 3:

Plures tollis Medicina, quàm attollis.

That Physical Purgations kill more men then they cure.

A New Physician had need of a new Church-yard: I dispute not who kills safest, the *Galenist*, or the *Paracelsian*. 'Tis all one whether a man dye by a *Stiletto* or by a broad Sword. Yet I say, no doubt but God hath appointed the Means as well as the Cure, though but few know the right Cause. For the Lord hath created Medicines of the Earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them. I honour the Physician with the honour due unto him, for, in the sight of great men he shall be had in admiration.

But you'll reply, What shall become of Poor men that cannot entertain them? Marry at that distance, best; admire their Confidence onely, and have least to do with them; for such onely are Healthiest and Happiest. Where do they live longer, then in the *Orcades*, Forest of *Arden*, *Norway*, &c, or *Souder*, then there where the name of Physick is not once heard of?

Quos Themison agros Autumnus occideret uno?

Nay, they are rewarded too for their murders: they

they are the Common Executioners : their Art (if one) is but Conjectural, full of Imposture, the Devil *Apollon* the Inventor of it : and if success follow, it is by Chance, not their Cunning : or Nature had done it without them. Many Diseases they cannot cure at all, as the Stone, Apoplexy, Strangury, Gout, &c.

Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram.

What wise man then, like the tender Lady or rich stall-fed Citizen, would be so jealous of his Health, that if his Finger or Head but ake, or a Stitch vex his Side, will straight consult the Physician, aggravate his slender Malady, make himself sick with Conceit, as his Doctor with impertinency, stir up a silent Disease with frequent Purgations, purge his Soul out of his Body, and kill himself, in fine, in right earnest? What is this but to provoke Nature, stir a Jakes, trouble the Humor, and not to discuss it; or at least make a strong Body weaker, as by often brushing fine Cloth is worn thin; to play with Death, or rather to fight with it; to tempt God, and to tire out our frail bodies with Physick, when Nature alone is the best, safest, and wisest Physician. *A Jove principium.* Prayer and a bunch of Figs, and that but outwardly applied, prolonged *Hezekiah's* life fifteen years. With this *Pan-pharmacum* alone, *Luke* the Evangelist cured all Diseases.

And though our Saviour would work by means,
and

and cure the Blind man with Clay and Spittle; yet how often was his onely *Fiat*, or, *Be thou whole*, the Restorative? No matter then whether *Hippocrates* or *Paracelsus* administer, *Paul* or *Apollo*, it is God that gives the increase of Health the Blessing.

As *Paracelsus* therefore adscribes *Hippocrates* fortunate Cures, not to his Skill so much, as to the peoples strong Conceit of his Worth and Skill: so am I perswaded that many Patients, through the strong Fancy they have of the Doctor, (let the Remedy be never so ordinary) and by Gods help together, recover. The Physicians modesty with the Patients patience work it out sooner, then the desperate practices of Mountebank Quacking Harpies, who to get a Fee will purge the Purse to be sure, and prescribe Death to the next comer, or, like Tinkers, stop one hole, and make two for it. Change of Air (which alone cures rotten sheep) or Linen do refresh, and often change the sick from the worse to the better. *Miserè vivit, qui Medicè vivit*. A man bad as good be buried alive, as observe the strict nice Rules of our severe *Lessians* and *Galenists*.

The Physician here is the onely Disease, or worse. Their Method is a Torture. First, Phlebotomy. A preparative Clyster. Then a Purge, Vomit, Phlebotomy and Clyster repeated. And then a Purge, a Purge, a Purge, till nothing is left either

either in Purse or Body, This causeth that Caco-
chymia they observe in the enervated body. And
then indeed *Remedium omnium malorum*, Death
follows, the certain Cure of all Diseases.

In the cure of an Ague, the very shame of all
Physicians, what can *Æsculapius* prescribe better
then Exercise and Sweating, which a laboring man
cannot avoid? What cures a Surfet, Quartan, &c.
like fasting? For the small Pox, a careful Nurse
to keep the Patient in, and to drive them out, is
best: Experience tells us, they onely dye that tam-
per; for where one miscarnes of it in the Coun-
trei, twenty dyes of it in the City, though visited
by the whole Colledge.

I approve not of Magical Charms, Exorcisms,
Holy Water neither, that's to drive out one De-
vil with another worse. Nor of the Turks obsti-
nacy, to neglect the Means, because their Dayes
are numbred. No, every man is a Fool or Phy-
sician to himself at least, and best knows the Regi-
ment of his own Health, and what is most hurt-
ful. Let him but shun that, and use but these
three, *Prayer, Fasting, and Patience*, and the Cure
is done: and never Purge but in cases of great ne-
cessity.

Paradoxical Affertion 4.

Nulla est in Conjugalī Coitu Voluptas.

That there is no pleasure in the Coition with
a Mans own Wife.

IN defending this seeming Paradox, I shall not assert any Opinion Heterodox to Theological Truth, or Logical Reason. I approve not of a plurality of Wives with the Turke now, or none at all with the *Benedictin* Monks, or Jewish Esseni, who both supererogate in a fruitless Chastity. I commend not the Irish Divorcement once in use, who like the Syracusan in a tempest, when the ship was to be exonerated of the weightiest things, threw his Wife first over-board, take any occasion to put away their Wives.

I shall not excuse Adultery upon our Saviours milde reprehension of the Woman in the Gospel, nor argue with our Profaner Wits, who because they are inhibited lying with another mans wife, conclude it lawful thence for a man to lie with his own mans wife. No:

Odi prophetaſum vulgus & arceo. I hate being evil for company; or by such an ingenious fallax, like that old Sophister Saran, to cozen my self and others with such Jesuitical Sophisms into di-

rect Atheism. I shall neither with the *Cathari* condemn second Marriages, or with Pope *Siracus* his false Gloss on the Text, *They that are in the flesh cannot please God*; thence draw this literal and Carnal Conclusion, that they that are married but once also cannot please God.

No, Marriage is honorable, and the bed undefiled. It is *Ecclesia seminarium*, and necessary for the propagation of mankind. I finde not only the blessed Virgin and the Disciples, but Christ himself a Guest at those Hymeneal Ceremonies, and honoring them with his first Miracle in *Cana*. I finde in the Old Testament, God the first Priest marrying the first Couple: and in the New, the Mother of God, before espoused to *Joseph*, overshadowed by the holy Ghost in that wonderful Mystery of the Incarnation. I finde it honored again in the Old, by that stupendious preserving of Eight Married persons in the Deluge, and by Paring the rest of the Creatures then in Couples.

And in the New, I finde the whole Trinity Blessing and Confirming it, by espousing the Church, and resembling his Love and her Espousals, to a Marriage here on earth, by knitting himself to her in that Mutuality with an everlasting union. Since then God himself delighted in propagation, by that sacred Product of the three Persons in the Trinity, thus multiplied though co-eternal. Since we are bound in imitation of, and obedience to
him,

him, being but his Tenants for life in this world, as keep the same in continual repair. And thus it was God's first Word of Command, Bring forth and Multiply. God forbid but we should obey him in this law of lawful Multiplication: yet not to divide our selves amongst many Women, as it was permitted the Patriarchs, since change too often frustrates propagation: nor to Multiply in to Religious Monasteries with the Benedictine Monks, without any Mothers at all.

I confess indeed when I consider the prerogative of Virgins to whom with *Elias, Sileas*, and *John Baptist*, Heaven is given; as one said Marriages replenish the earth, but Virginity Paradise: as I am a meer natural man I can make no reason, why *Adam* should have stood *Eve*, a small weak piece of himself: for reason rather tells me, the weaker should expect and sue for support from the stronger.

But when I consider that the woman was formed of the Rib of the man, and thus so possibly the man believing he missed something, was occasioned to seek for that lost part, and being so near to joyne her again to his side. And when I again consider, that God had given her to man as a fit helper, I must conclude, that Women are both necessary and good. (For all that God made was good, and therefore useful, Nature producing nothing in vain) and therefore must be

lieve them such necessary evils, as many have too severely stiled them. Yet I say they are necessary also, that is, for such as have not the gift of Continency (for of too evils the least should be chosen.) But that he that can abstain from the world, the flesh, and the devil (as in a wicked woman all three are concentrated) I shall ever hold to be the wisest, holiest, and freest from worldly cares, and consequently the happiest man.

But suppose that unruly *Afmodem* cannot be cast out by Fasting and Prayer, as we are bound to believe it may, I know you will then say, a Wife is the only lawful *Plasma* to assuage that bilious humor.

'Tis true, *Omnia repletis requirit remanentia*. Thus Physically I agree, that Women may be good, and consequently necessary: But in a metaphysical sense clean contrary. For *Bala*, *magis curanda quam fruenda, sentimus*. The good old man in *Esop*, casting down his burthen at Noon, called for Death; but when Death approached, he wished him for nothing he said, but to help him up with it again. As it follows not therefore, that though Death which was the Privation of that Burthen, was ill, the Burthen therefore was good; so we must not therefore on the contrary conclude, that a Wife which is the privation of that Burthen of fleshly infirmity, is good; because the Burthen is evil.

The Astronomers tell you, that, whereas among the other Planets, Conjunction creates the most perfect Amity: yet the Sun only on the contrary is good by his Aspect and Influence, and evil by his Conjunction. I shall thus endeavour to make it evident, that women are best at distance, and that there can be no perfect pleasure in the Embrace of any woman, much less of one's own wife, with whom he is yoked and bound, with Honourable and Golden, his true, and with perpetual Chains and Fetters. *But yet stay*
I shall appeal to any Emamoretto but newly Married, whether he took not more pleasure in the Acquaint of his Mistress's *Bowes graces* before Marriage, than afterwards in the dull cropping of her Virgin's flower: whether he was not more delighted with his amorous courtships, stolen kisses, chaste embracements, mutual glances, and complacent treatments in wooing, and pleasing her, than afterwards in displeasing of himself, perhaps by a too late repentance? Whether he took not more true content in adoring a *Celia*, than in undoing a Maid? Whether he took not more pleasure in Weaving innocent true-love knots, than in untying the Virgin-zone, or knitting that Gordian-knot, which none but that infernal *Minotaur*, Death, can untye? Before, he was free, as the Air he breathed in: now he is shackel'd and coffin'd. Before, he might delight

his opticks in the pleasant prospect of Natures variety, and the best of her curious workmanship, the fair Ideas of several ravishing Female beauties, the contemplation of whose Divine perfections would transport a man to Seraphick extasies: now he must pore but on one single object as in a glass, seeing no face but his own, and *Narcissus*-like, fall in love with that which is but his own shadow. Before, he might Travel the World in delightful observations of foreign Climates and Affairs: now he must be confin'd and onely conversant in the Domestick Rules and Oeconomies of his private Family. Before, he might walk up and down like the Grand Seignior in his Seraglio and Garden of pleasure, smelling and plucking each Flower he lik'd to make up a complete Possie of Delight; now he must fate that smelling faculty with but one single Flower, which if it happen to be a Rose, the Odoriferous Quintessence of all Arabian Perfumes contracted into one perfect savour, yet we know how soon those Fragrances expire with often blowing, and like the richest and strongest Odours, which make but the Head ache at last, they either breed a Satiecy or a Nausea.

I might adde further, that that pleasure which comes unexpectedly on each side, doth enhance the price thereof, since stollen pleasures are ever the sweetest, whilst the frequency of delight is

sen it and blunts the appetite. The inexpectancy of new found Treasure heightens the value; whilst what is got by long sweats and continual labours ceases to be pleasures, (whose property is to be short and sweet) and so becomes but a voluntary and tedious drudgery. *Cibus a venatu suavitissimus*: That Venison which is hunted and killed with most company, and got with the purchases of our own Art and Industry, joynd with pleasant strife in the strive (which gives all the appetite and edge to the *Gusto*) certainly tastes best, and is most pleasant.

I would fain know, what pleasure any man can take in touching his own flesh; what titillation or delight in feeling his own Pulse. And I pray is not a mans wife his own flesh? They are *una caro*, two Souls in one Body, or rather two Bodies combined into one Soul. There cannot therefore be the same Emotions, the same Palpitations, the like vigorous Fancies or such strong Efforts in one and the same single person and flesh, as may be raised and cherished in two stranger parties linked together onely with the straws of hot affections and the Charcoals of suddain desires.

If then the sensual pleasure (which is the foolishlest Act of a wise man) is less with one's second self, than with a stranger, and indeed but British with any, I would fain know what other content or benefit, besides the bare portion, a man can reap

reap from his married wife. For admit she be Chast (which is a vertue sufficient and singular in a wife) yet with how many other imperfections do they daily Teem? With how many little faults and follies do they (at least most of them) labour?

Adam had his tempting *Eve*, *Moses* an halty *Zipporah*, *Job* a Blaspheming impious Wife, *Samson* a lascivious and perfidious *Dalilah*, *Ahab* a painted *Jezabel*, *Abisnerus* a disloyal *Vashti*, *Ananias* a sacrilegious *Sapphira*. And wife *Solomon* confessed, that in the Chorus of all his Wives and Concubines, he found nothing but vanity and vexation: A good Woman is *Paradisus*. The vertuous are thin set, the bad like ill weeds grow every where. A bad Wife is more troublesome than the Irish-Sea, or a Quartan Fever. This made the Devil after he had develtled *Job* of all his Goods, Children, Friends, Allies, Health, Wealth and all, to persecute him yet more, by leaving him his wicked Wife to vex and torment him.

Why should any man then, since Marrying is but Marring, wooe for that which may prove most probably his woe? Why should any man get the Bane asked for her that may prove his Bane? Why should a man labour for her whose onely Blessing is but labour and Travail, and whose onely Hopes are to be saved by the sweat of her Husbands

hands Brows and Child-bearing? As for the pleasure in that sensual Act: alas it is so far beneath the thoughts of an understanding sober Man, so mean and below the pitch of an elevated mind, that no man in his collected temper can believe he takes any perfect satisfaction from those dull fruitions.

Besides, when I consider how more then Bestial the frequent use of that Venerial act (for hardly any Creature but Man is so lustful as to copulate with the same after the first Coition) I am ashamed, that a rational man should so infrigdate and enervate his Body, dry up his Brains and his *Flumidum Radicale*; so deviate from the chief Rule of Marriage (which was first instituted for propagation onely, and not so much to quench our Carnal lusts) and so apostatize from his Reason by an unreasonable and frequent acting that folly, which he himself, when it is done, is chiefly ashamed of.

Chap. 1. Of the Passions.

Paradoxical Assertion 5.

Incendia in Metropoli sunt necessaria.

That frequent Fires in a Metropolis, to consume the dwelling Houses, are necessary.

I Am not of kin to the wandring Jew, no Welch Mountaineer, or Peripatetick; No Egyptian or Scythian Travellour, who lives like the *Nomades* in a perpetual motion: I neither affect the Cynicks Tub, nor the *Holland* Skippers Scutes: I do not altogether affect the Field and Hamacco's, though I am no stranger to Martial affairs and Night-Centinel's: But am a real friend to all Civil Societies and Commonwealths: Although my discourse may seem *Quixot*-like, to overthrow Cities, depopulate Countries, and threaten all their ruines: And though I appear at first aspect like him, terrible, in this doubtful Notion, yet I doubt not but out of this flinty Paradox, I shall strike fire enough to lighten any man to the truth of this bold Assertion, though not enough to consume any the least City or Town Corporate, (although some of the latter might better be spared.)

Our law therefore in this particular I conceive

too

too severe, which inhibits a man upon pain of death to set fire to his own house: As for example, If my House be ill-favoured, old, rotten, and decayed, and consequently dangerous either to be lived in, or to be pulled down, should I not rather fire it quickly (if it stand alone especially) then endanger any mans life in the demolishment thereof, and build a better, fairer, and more substantial one in the room thereof?

Observe but where the greatest Fires have raged in any Country, Town or City, if fairer Structures, larger Streets, and more stately and convenient Edifices have not been raised, Phoenix-like, out of their ashes: whereas old Mansions dawbed and patched up so long like *Thesens* ship, (of which not a Rib it had at first building was left) and repaired so much, that to make the Houses the more honourable, they must be propped up with Supporters to keep the Tenements from falling; look like the Augean Stables, full of dirt and rottenness; or like my Grandfathers old Grange, venerable for nothing but Antiquity. Some streets in *London* are built so narrow, that Neighbours at home may shake hands, as they are built in *Spain*, *Italy*, and *France*, to divert the Suns scalding Rayes: but in our Northern Coasts, a fair, straight, broad, open street, as at *Southampton*, best befits our Climate.

What matter were it then if some of our rotten,

ten, poor, half-thatched Caves were burnt; and stately ones erected in their rooms with Galleries, as at *Westchester*: or *Arche* and *Piazza's* to the street, as at *Damascus*, *Padua*, *Bologna*, and *Bern* in *Switzerland*. Did not *Erostratus* build himself up a Name, by burning down the Temple of *Diana*? And doth not Charity, grown cold now a dayes, however yet warm her self by these and the like frequent fires? whereas without such sudden and unexpected occasions, she would even freeze and starve to death.

Besides, Observe but how every Creature naturally desires to get out of his house of Restraint; for our Houses are but as our Inns to lodge, not to dwell in. The Snail as soon as it can creep, leaves its shell: the Chicken as soon as warmth doth hatch it, quits its marble Tenement: and even Man himself is soon weary of the Womb he hath lien a while enclosed in, and when able to walk, delights more in the open Fields than in his Closet.

The Turkish Ship-thieves I confess barbarously set fire on the Houses by nights in their populous Cities, that by the light of them they may the better run away with the Goods which were in them. And the Janizaries under the colour of preventing farther mischief, pull down a many more of the neighbouring Cottages, that thereby all may have the better opportunities of stealing. There-

Therefore in *Constantinople*, *Adrianople*, *Grand Cairo*, &c. buildings are the lighter, by reason of the frequency of those fires, made purposely more often, than by chance, though too often suffered on the Persian Spies.

Nero indeed (as *Plinius* reports) only because he liked not the structure of *Rome*, set it on fire; or, because he would have the burning of *Troy* represented unto him, (his cruel fancy work'd so high) for at the same instant (a merry Gentleman no doubt) he was playing on his Harp the Destruction of *Troy*, whilst he beheld with delight the woful spectacle.

Harris Archbishop of *Mentz*, another cruel Firebrand, calling the half-starved people into a Barn in time of a Famine, burnt them altogether therein, with this profane jest, These are but Rats, — *Fruges consumere nati*.

good for nothing but to devour Corn? But his tyranny was punisht the same way, he being bitten and eaten up by Rats himself soon after; And shortly *Nero's* Body being found dead, was buried after under the Gate *Flaminia*, where Devils haunted it and the place in flames of fire.

Thus I conclude then, Where such horrid Rimes are purposely made by malicious Designs, the Incendiaries, who are *Nero's curban servants*, are worthy of greater and more lasting flames. But when Gods immediate hand does it, either

by

by Lightning, to purge the infected Air, or by other casual Accidents permits it for our punishment, the Judgement may enlighten us to behold the frailty of our earthly Mansions, and Gods Justice, to whose Providence we are to submit: And may be useful also to minde us of the Day of Judgement, when all shall be consumed in fire, except the Bodies of the Wicked, that must ever be in everlasting flames.

Paradoxical Assertion 6.

*Homine excepto, Pediculus est Animal
Nobilissimum.*

That next to Man, the Louse is the
Noblest Creature.

WHether this noble Animal be bred of the Flesh, as Aristotle doth affirm; or of the Blood, as Theophrastus, it matters not. This we all know, that whereas Man is created of Earth, this is formed of Man, that is, of his Blood concocted, (as most believe) and therefore is of a more noble Off-spring, by how much Man is more noble then the Earth he was made first of. The Isle
of

of Man, is this our Brothers Native Countrey, and in the chief and Noblest part of this Island hath this Princely Creature fixt his Imperial Seat of Residence, the Head; so that the nearer he is to the Brain (whose intellectual Faculties make man a rational Creature, and distinguish him from the Brute Beasts) the nearer, I say, he is to Reason and Society, the two natural properties of man; and by Consanguinity may justly challenge Reasons Prerogative, before either the Serpent, Ape, or Elephant. Thus flourishing in the Head of Man he becomes the Head of all Cattle. For

Plebs habita diversa loca.

Why should any one then doubt to compare this Minim with the noblest Prince; when he is not onely his daily Guest, but domestick Companion? And since the Almighty power of the most Great God is most eminent, even in the least things; Pharaoh's Magicians could confels, that there was the Finger of God in creating these little Vermin: (yes; and was not his whole hand in it too?) whereas by their enchantments they could but faintly imitate Nature; and parallel Moses indeed in some of his wonders, but not at all in this smallest production.

Observe his generous disposition in this Sedate constancy of Affection, scorning to leave his friend in his worst of fortunes, but will faithfully accompany him from the Court even to the Camp or Prison.

I appeal to all the Societies of Mendicant Friars, the only chief Patrons of this humble Regiment of Nits and Lice (which stuff like the Humelites cloathes is everlasting) whether they would quit these loving wretches for the company of the greatest and proudest Monarch's.

Nescitur ex facie, qui non dignoscitur ex se.

You may judge of the Humility and Constancy of this Creature by the company he most comforts with: so of his Sagacity and Temperance, being abstemious like them in drink, feeding sparingly, and but seldom stirring out of his Cell or Cloyster. Every thing is better by how much it communicates itself to the good of others. The Moon, Planets and Stars are brightest by their proximity to the Sun: so does this Animal by vicinity partake of the mind, wisdom, prudence, policy and intellect of man only. For no Beast is averse from the company of this *Palpus*, but the Ass, that dull and silly Creature, who is least acquainted with Discretion, and whom Naturalists affirm, they never knew. Observe again the Gravity of his deportment, in his Spanish March, *Paso Paso*, (as a learned Geographer not unwittingly compared the Spaniard to a Louse, the Frenchman to a Flea, the Hollander to a Crab, &c. &c.) Nor are the comparisons odious, nor skips he away like the coward Flea at the least, but boldly like a man looks death in the face.

Thus much for his valor.

Observe now his wonderful and strange generation. For whereas Nature produceth no one thing but by the corruption of another: as the Peacock is formed of the corruption of the Egg, the Bee out of the corruption of the One, Snakes out of Stone-horse-hair, Worms, Fleas, and other Insects out of Piss and Dung; yet on the contrary these two noble Animals, the Phoenix and the Loue, are divinely formed: the one engendred of a Nic, and the other raised out of his Parents most glorious ashes. Besides, what greater sign or better argument of health is there, then when these lusty Fore-runners bring the happy tydings that the Enemy, the Disease is slain?

Nay, they are health it self, being experimentally good for sore or blood-shot Eyes, and medicinal in many diseases, the Jaundie especially. This made *Archimedes* amidst his deepest Speculations, run naked out of the Bath, and cry, "Eureka, Eureka, I have found it, I have found it, with admiration and joy. Thus doth this beast become an example to us of Patience particularly, (which is beyond a similitude, for that doth but *currere quantum pedibus*, whereas this walks majestically on six,) and therefore might be of kin to the Muses, and to the best of their Heroick Off-spring, the golden *Hexameter*. But the truth is, *Præcipue* could

could never stand well in Latin Verse, or hang on those Romans Poets; the Dutch, and French, and some of the Minor Water-Poets, onely converse and are acquainted with him.

For his Gentility then there is no doubt, his noble Extraction is already known, his Pedegree may be drawn from before *Tubal-Cain's* time, since the universal heat which the Acabians supposed the Creator of all things first inspired him. Nor need he reckon Legs for Arms, since all the Welch Heralds will confess, that the *Louise* belongs to the most ancient Coats: and the Royal Family of *Francia* powders their Coat with nothing else but *Fleurs de Lys* to this day. Since then this noble Creature sticks faster to the French Kings Coat, then it can to a Peasants thread-bare one; and of all the Creatures sticks closest to Man, even to the very skin: I may safely conclude That next to Man, the *Louse* is the Noblest Creature.

Paradoxical Affertion 7.

*Nulla Ars inventa fuit Imprimendi
Arte perniciosior.*

That the famous Art of Printing is the worst
that ever was invented.

WHether the Germans first borrowed this
Invention from the *Chineſes*, or whether
amongſt the Germans (who undoubtedly lay beſt
claim to it) *John Gutenberg* the Knight of *Mentz*,
or *John Fuſt* a *Moguntine*, was the firſt Inventor
thereof, it matters not: this is certain, that ſince
the time it was firſt known experimentally, (which
was *Anno Salutis* 1466) there has been more di-
ſſention in Learning and Religion, throughout all
Chriſtendom, and more Wars, the neceſſary Se-
quels of thoſe Jars, then were known in the Pri-
mitive, nay, for all thoſe fourteen hundred years
before.

The multiplicity of theſe fire and tow Papers
once inflamed, have almoſt conſumed the Church.
And its ſcarce ſtill viſible, were all occaſioned ei-
ther through the frequencies of the Preſs, (which
ſpeedy device to blazen Rebellion; even propa-
gates and adds wings to it) or through the grand
Miſtakes and many Errata's in falſe Printing, that
D have

have bred so many Animosities in the Refuting, and Trouble in the Correcting.

'Tis confess'd, by this Art alone all the rest are made more familiar, and knowledge in some respects is acquired at less expence of time and money; because I believe indeed few now a-days will give three hundred pounds for three Books of *Philolaus*, as *Plato* did. By these ingenuous means I grant also we are somewhat freed from those gross Errours which crept into the Text, through the unskilful hands of either ignorant or negligent Writers.

But observe now on the other side, how by Printing, each Volumn begets another, and they also swell with so many Errata's, that the very Corrector of the Press stand in need sometimes of most Correction.

Observe how we are now forced to spend more time in cracking the shells, in opening the knotty Languages of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, &c. to pick that Kernel of Knowledge thence: which precious time the Ancients more cautiously spent in the study of things, which were written for the most part in their own Mothers Tongue. Each man was then a walking Library himself: but now we have thousands of Vaticans, and hardly a man walking in them, they are so stuf't with the variety of Books which doth delight indeed, but hurts the Ingenie.

what

What an Ocean of *Ob's* and *Sol's* hath School-Divinity of late produc'd? What a Labyrinth of inextricable, nay, unprofitable Questions, full of Cavilling and Metaphysical Terms, which if ever understood, edifie not, onely puzzle? Again, how many unnatural Controversies and bitter Reparties have filled the Heads and Pens of Modern Writers, even to the making a Schism in Christs Church, or a Rent at least in his once seamless Coat? How have these undutiful sons of the Church, as *Cham* did his Fathers, so they laid open their Mothers Nakedness? How have these seeds of Pertinacy propagated since the Infancy of Religion to these very times? Nay, how much hath this Controversial Obstinacy about Niceties and shadowie Ceremonies,

Cuneum in fahà, or *Nodum in scirpo quarendo*, hindred the progress of Learning, and the advance of other more beneficial Sciences? Did not the late *Coal from the Altar*, blown up from a Spark to a Firebrand, by one indeed, set such a fire in the Church, that it hath since burnt up almost all her Patrimony, and God knowes when it will be quenched, perhaps not so long as any Fuel is left. This Salt spirit of Contradiction, this Acrimonious and Scorbutick Humor rub'd and stir'd up by the Itch of Disputation, and that in Print too, hath (as a Wise man observed) bred the Churches

Scab. And where there is one such Mangie Bell-weather, the Flock will all soon prove Scabby and Infected.

Paradoxical Assertion 8.

Incarceratio Libertate potior.

That Imprisonment is better then Liberty.

I Have read of a *Parisian*, that in sixty years stirred not out of the Walls of that famous City, (a Prison large and glorious enough I confess) but when the King had confin'd him within that Circuit during Life, then, and not before, the old man most desired to expatiate, and thereupon with grief dyed: So that it is not the Confinement, but the imposed Restraint that makes Imprisonment so irksome. The voluntary sequestration of the Anchoret sweetens his Solitude and close Immurement: and it may be onely the forced Servitude and Restraint of more Volatile Spirits that makes their lives seem tedious.

'Tis true, *Robert Duke of Normandy* imprison'd by *Henry the First* his younger Brother, pined away

away for grief: And *Francis* the French King taken by *Charles* the Fifth, was (as *Gnecchiardine* reports) melancholly even to death, and that in an instant. And *Jugurth* that valiant Commander, after a few dayes Imprisonment at *Rome*, dyed. I grant, that to such high flying souls that have liv'd abroad at the height of jovial Exultation and Sensuality, to be debarr'd on a sudden of their former career of Pleasures, cannot but be irksome, at first especially, perhaps mortal. No doubt but *Valerian*, *Bajazet*, our *Edward* and *Richard* the Second, felt the smart of such tyrannous Confinements. You may sooner tame a Lark, or reclaim a Swallow, then such high flying Fancies. But to a Stoical temper, to an austere, stay'd, and reserv'd person, Imprisonment is Liberty. Such a man being *nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, and never more at ease, then when thus confin'd. To a Schollar, that can sit and travel all the world over in a Map, nothing so pleasant as Retirement: his Brains travel in Contemplation though he be fixt in his Cell: he can behold the Chorographical and Typographical Delineations of the remotest parts and Cities, turn over every stone, and build Castles, &c. and never set foot over his Studies threshold.

How renowned is King *Ptolomy* for that learning he acquired whilst imprisoned by his Disease? With what delight did our wise King *James* contemplate

template *Bodley's* fair Library at *Oxford*, expressing his affection to learning in those Pathetick words, If I were to be a Prisoner, said he, and might have my wish, I would desire no other Prison then that Library, and to be Chained together with so many brave Authors and dead Instructours.

What shall I say of *Cæsars* retirement to *Caprea*? And of the Emperour *Charles* the fifth, his quitting his Imperial Diadem to embrace the peaceable quiet of a Monastick life? How are the Kings of *China* for States-sake Cloistered up, that they never come abroad? How are the Spanish, Turkish, Italian Dames lockt up in their Closets by their jealous Husbands? and ours scarce suffering themselves to see the Sun, onely to preserve their Beauties? With what content are they mew'd up in Stoves in *Muscovia*, and in Caves in *Green-land* and *Island* half the year together?

You'll reply, Their confinements are voluntary which sweetens and gilds the Pill of Bondage and Servitude. But what unparallel'd Calamities do the Indian and Turkey slaves in Mines and Gallies endure, condemned perpetually to drudgery, Hunger and Blows, and chained to their misery sans hope of Delivery?

All this I say is nothing to a chearful Heart and Patient. The Ship the rich Merchant sails in, is no less a Prison, then the Captives Gally. Set aside

afide the Spanish Inquisition, (which tyrannizes over the Soul as well as over the Body) and is therefore more injurious; I see not, I say, that suggested misery in that or any other sort of imprisonment, which a wise, humble, and patient spirit cannot overcome and lessen, nay, turn it to his advantage and content.

By Imprisonment how many lewd riotous men are brought home? how many Vagrants settled? how many dangers and tentations avoided? it being the onely means to mortifie and master himself, and his greatest enemies, the World, the Flesh and the Devil?

Our whole life is but a continued Incarceration. Imprisoned we were in the Womb, and then in our Mothers Arms and Cradles: from thence translated to Schools or Shops under the tyrannous Lashes of severe Masters and Governours: thence confin'd to a Colledge: or if abroad, we live but in an Island: or if put forth into the world, that is but a larger Prison, as it was to Great *Alexander*. Our soul, that's imprisoned in a vile Body of sin, and that body (as *St. Pauls* was) is often in misery and durance, in which Bands he delighted as much as in the Release, and writ most of his Epistles.

Since then this life, though but a perpetual slavery and imprisonment, is yet sweet to us all, and more desirable than death, which is our one-

ly liberty, and frees us from all the Iron shackles and weighty chains of our Sins ; I may safely conclude, That imprisonment is in many respects, to a Christian, better then Death or Liberty.

Paradoxical Assertion 9.

Impar Regibus Monumentis inhumari.

That Kings ought not to have Monuments,

*Marmoreo Licinus Tumulo jacet ; at Cato parvo ;
Pompeius nullo ; credimus esse Deus ?*

THis was the Poets foolish complaint of old : as if *Pompey* left not a name bigger than *Licinus*, the freed man, his Marble Tomb : or as if the dust of Kings could be distinguished from a Peasants, or were of more worth, or more to be regarded.

Ramises his Obelisks, *Hadrian* his Moles, the Egyptian Pyramids and tall Labyrinths, the Roman Mausolea and stupend Monuments of *Ninus*, which was nine Furlongs in Height and ten in Breadth, of *Porfena* of *Lais* ; what do they all signify but the pride, and the vain glory of the Builders

Builders, and the frailty of this world, whilst they together with their rotten Carcases are all now huddled but into one confused heap of dust.

— *Monumenta fatiscunt,*

Mors etiam factis nominibusque venit.

I finde none erected in Scripture for Patriarch, King, Prophet, or Apostle, besides that exemplary one of *Lot's Wife*.

Jacob I grant was buried in high solemnity : and *Joseph's* Bones, after four hundred years preserving, were transported into *Canaan* : and I read that devout men carried *St. Stephen* to Burial : but who knows of *Moses* the Prototype and Leader of the people, his Sepulchre to this day, whilst he lies Buried obscurely in the Valley, lest the *Israelites* perhaps might have adored his Shrine : And *Christ* himself the King of Kings, and Son of God, had not *Joseph of Arimathea* bought him a Sepulchre, and that but a plain one too, onely for the miracles sake of his Resurrection, doubtless had lien as meanly and as obscurely buried.

A heathenish superstition prompted some Nations to inter their friends bodies in their own, by eating them ; accounting that humane inhumane Sepulchre the most honourable. The *Persians* besmeared their Corps with wax : as the *Egyptians* Embalmed them with Gums and Spices : the *Magi* buried none but such as had been

been torn by Beasts, their whole bodies they did condite with Art to couzen the Worms, as they thought, and laid them up in Charnel Houses to perpetuity. But what did *Cyrus* the Elder? He gave express command, that no Coffin of Gold or Silver should confine his body; but that it should be without pomp laid into the Earth, whence it received, with all other Creatures, both Birth and Nourishment. It was the custom I confess to bury their Kings anciently on the tops of Hills: and the Roman Princes statues were revered like so many Deities: Nay, Christian Kings have their Coemeteries: the *Vatican* for the Popes, the *Æscorial* for the Kings of Spain; *St. Dennis* for those of France, and *Westminster* for ours of England.

But *Quorsum hæc*? To what purpose is all this waste? All this cost and state is needless, when it often happens, that the want of a Monument or Statue, doth best preserve the memory of such as are *memoratu dignissimi*.

Id Cinerem & Manes credis curare sepultos?

James, the fourth King of the *Scots*, by wanting a Tomb, gain'd this never dying Epitaph;

*Fama Orbem replet, mortem fors occulit: at tu
Desine mirari quod tegit ossa solum.*

*Si mihi dent animo non impar fata Sepulchrum,
Angusta est tumulo Terra Britanna meo.*

With

With no less ignoble an Epitaph sleeps that ever renowned Emperour *Charles the fifth, Carolus Quintus, Hic jacet intus. Ora pro eo bis ant ter, Ave Maria & Pater noster.* And is remembered with no better inscription then this Motto added, *Plus ultra.*

So *Saladine* with all his Victories rested in a Grave; ordering a Sheet to be advanced on a pike after his Death, a Herald proclaiming before it; *Saladino, Syria, Judaea, & Egypti, &c. Regi: Ex omnibus Victoriis, Tropais, Opibus, Theauris, nihil nisi hoc reliquum mansit.*

With what sacred pitty is King *Stephen* in our Chronicles remembered? Whose Bones after four hundred years rest were laid naked by those unhallowed persons that plundered his Leaden Coffin, and by them Barbarously thrown into a River? Nor can the memory of *William the Conquerour* dye, though his restless Bones also after four hundred years entombing at *Caen* in *Normandy* lost it by the Barbarity of *Chastillions* Souldiers. Thus the Mouse may play with the dead Lions Beard, and the most honourable may by such *Hiena's* who dig up their Graves for the dead bodies be after death dishonoured. Which frequent instances point unto us the suddain change of this worlds glory, the equality of the dead, and the ambitious folly of those that think before they have left a good name behinde (which is the best

Chro-

Chronicle and most lasting Monument) to build themselves eternal Thrones, Statues and Columns in the Grave, where all things perish and are forgotten, *Sepulchri mitte super vacuos honores.*

To what purpose then are so many spacious Monuments erected, when the parties are either after one Age forgot, or the Fabrick is soon demolished by violence, or must at least by all-devouring time be swallowed.

When *Criston* asked *Socrates* how he would be Buried? I think said he, I shall escape you: but so much of me as you can take, bury it according to the Laws. No matter, in which of the elements the body lodgeth, so long as the Soul rests in *Abrahams Bosom*. It is the Vertue we leave behind, or rather carry with us, that is immortal. A good Fame is the best Odour, and a good Name is a precious Ointment, which will condite our bodies best, and preserve our memories to all eternity. Such a lasting Monument as this would better have preserv'd our Eight Luxurious *Henry*, then *Wolsey's* half finish'd Monument at *Windſor*, which neither his own Posterity, nor any of his successours since thought it worth the while to perfect. Poor *Lazarus* as he had the starry Heaven for his Canopy, so was that his Tomb: though he was fed at the door amongst the Dogs, yet he lay buried in his Mothers Lap, attended hence with his own Innocence, and a Guard of Angels.

It

It is not then Elogiums, Panegyrick Orations, Dirges, Epitaphs, Herald's, Mourners, Obelisks, Obliquies, or Mausolean Monuments, so well as their own Coins wherein they are effigiated, can eternize Princes. Let them live exemplar Monuments. Let their Prince-like Acts and Actions write their Epitaphs, and be their chief Monuments, since onely Vertue, *Post funera vivit*; and

Calo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.

For doubtless that mans Bones on the North Church-yard rests in more quiet, than his, that lies Entomb'd in the Chancel.

Para-

Paradoxical Assertion 10.

*Monoculus melius, eminus, & plus videt,
quàm duos habent Ocellos.*

That he that hath but one Eye, sees better, farther,
and more, then he that hath two Eyes.

WHether the Sight be, by *intra* or *extramittendo*, as the Naturalists contend, it matters not: this is certain, That these two Lights were placed above, as Centinels to look about, and afar off to discern any dangers approaching to the Body. And in that notion, we know one Centinel is enough in one place at one time; and fittest, lest by discourse, or otherwise roving, they both neglect their Duties. I grant indeed two Eyes in several Heads may see more then one in one Head: and so a Stander by may often see more then a Gamester.

All I aim at is, to hit this White. That one Eye sees better then two in one and the same Head. Waken but your Eye of Experience, and tell me, if you see not more perfectly and exquisitely with one eye shut, then with both open? For thus the Spirits Visual contract and unite themselves the more, and so become stronger. For the Eyes, if the sight meet not in one single Cone or Angle, see

see things double, and not in their true proportion and individual Species as Nature formed them.

Besides, Observe but how the Pupil of that Eye, which is open, dilates, when you view your portrait in a Looking-glass, and shut the other. And I am sure all cunning Marks-men do chuse to wink with one Eye, that the other may the surer finde and hit the mark. Nay, when the Body is wholly depriv'd of sight, the Eyes of the Soul then see best.

And though I commend not those Philosophers and Divines, that have emasculated themselves, and eradicated their Eyes, whether because our Saviour bid, *If thy right Eye offend thee, pluck it out, &c.* or that the Eyes of their Understanding should thereby be the more intense, I know not: yet doubtless Corporeal Darknes causeth a greater Light of Judgement and strength of Memory, the Minde being not then by dilitation carried away after several Objects and distracted.

Hannibal had but one Eye, and yet espied the Advantage to win many famous Battels. *Homer* was stark blinde, and yet what Poet more Eagle-sighted, or made more lively and accurate Descriptions with both his Eyes? *Democritus* was blinde, and yet (as *Laertius* sayes) he saw more then all Greece besides. As our *Democritus junior*, though blinde with one Eye, saw more then all Britain. *Tiresias* the Prophet, *Malassus* and
Time-

Timon were blinde, *Roscius* squint-eyed, *Socrates*, *Aesop*, and *Horace* purblinde; and yet who had more refined Wits and diviner Spirits?

Well then, since the one eyed person may see as clear as the two eyed man, and this is as clear as a Sun beam: I shall hold him another Light up, by which he shall see farther also. See through our Optick or Perspective-glasses, the hollow of the hand contracted, or through a Level, or when the eye-lids are gathered somewhat close, farther, then when too much light disperses the visual Beams, or weakens them quite, as looking on the Sun will dazle, and by continuance darken. The Night hath its beauty and amiable pleasures. And our New ingenuous Stargazers see through *Galilaeus* his Glas, with but one Eye, more Worlds, (as that in the Moon and other Planets) then all the wise Philosophers of old did, or could, had they *Argus* or *Linceus* eyes, & were now living.

The Lover, that is Moon-blinde, (if not stark-blinde as his *Cupid*) sees a world of beauty in his *Dulcinea's* face, which her self never saw with both her Eyes in her own false Glas.

And to conclude, the *Momenculus* or race of *Indians*, that hath but one Eye, and that in his middle Forehead, sees two in another mans head, that can see but one in his. Then clear it is, that he that hath but one Eye, sees better, farther, and more, then he that hath two Eyes.

Para-

Paradoxical Assertion II.

Feminis castra sequi licitè congruum.

That Women should follow the Camp.

VHen *Astages* made the *Persians* flye,
their Wives and Mothers met them
with their Coats up, asking them whether they
would seek for Refuge in their Wombes: with
which shameful check being reprov'd, it made so
deep an impress, they resum'd their courage, put
their Assailants to flight, and took *Astages*
Prisoner.

If the like shame will not make men valiant,
then Love will: for (as *Plato* holds) onely Lo-
vers will dye for their friends, and in their Mi-
stresses Quarrel. Why should not women then
so much beloved of men (as he infers) follow the
Camp, to be as well Encouragers, as Spectators
of their Heroick Actions?

At the Jufts or Quintins, what Gallant is not
inspired o'the sudden with Valor, when so many
young Ladies and admirers of his Person and De-
port appear in the Theatre? *Cupid* goes alwayes
armed, and all his Shafts are headed with mistle:
What did *Medea's* love prompt *Jafon* to effect?

E

The

The Squire of the Dames himself, Sir *Lancelot*, Sir *Tristram*, Sir *Huon of Bordeaux*, the High and Mighty *Don Quixot*, nor our Fiercer Saint *George* (who all fought for fair Ladies sakes) did ever encounter so many Dragons and deaths, as a young *Enamorado* plumed over with Ladies Favours shall readily embrace. He is forty thousand strong, o' the sudden, improved beyond himself and all his hopes, and since *Plato* was of opinion, that *Venus* infused Valor into *Mars*, I could me thinks with an Army of such Lovers, undertake a second Conquest of the World. How fought Sir *Blandinor* and *Paradel*, those Fairy Knights, in *Florimel's* presence, all spent with bloody Gore, for her onely Love, which onely animated them?

But to omit Romantick story, none ever fought like the Spaniards in their Ladies presence, whilst a few of them by that Encouragement overcame a multitude of Moors.

Andaces faciebat Amor ———

King *Ferdinand* had never conquered *Granado* (thinks *Castilio*) had not Queen *Isabella* and her Attendants been present at the Siege. And some English Historians believe, That Queen *Elizabeth's* presence at *Tilbury* Camp, encouraged both Horse and Infantry more, then all the known Valour of her experienced Leaders.

Nay, the personal Valour of some *Hercina's*

in the Conduct of Martial Affairs is wonderfull: *Tacitus* admires the *Britains*, who used to war (sayes he) under the Conduct of Women; witness *Boudrea*, Queen *Margaret* wife to our *Henry* the Sixth, and many others, who all equalled the courage of either *Hannibal* or *Scipio*.

To pass by the holy Valor of *Judith*, &c. in the Apocrypha: The Women of *Argos* repell'd *Clonus* the *Spartan* King, and *Demarathus* another, and freed their City from sacking and ruine. That Sarmatick Nation of the *Amazons*, famous to all posterity, and born of *Minos* himself, (as they boasted) what fighting Queens did it produce? These *Virago's* cutting off their right Paps, that they might be more dextrous at shooting, overcame the greatest part of *Europe*, and got a good footing in *Asia*.

When *Pyrrhus* fought with the *Spartans*, and was most opposed with that Sex, how shamefully was he beaten back, being forced to retreat with his son *Ptolomy*, and the strongest part of his Army? The like ado had *Asarins* when he fought with the *Cymbrians*, to conquer their Wives too, who with Carts and Wagons, Lances, Darts, and Stones sent from the Towers and House tops, so opposed him, that (as *Florus* sayes) *Perinde speciosa mors eorum fuit, quam Pugna*. *Amalufant* a daughter to the valiant *Theoderick* King of the *Goths*, drove the *Burgundians* and *Almans* out

of *Liguria*. The dreadful Frown of a Woman turn'd Fury, is able to daunt an Enemy, and look him dead.

It is Revenge that thus steels their Valor. And I am confident, none naturally are more revengeful then Women; none more eager, cruel and bloody, in the prosecution of it. *Thomyris* that noble Queen of *Scythia*, to revenge her son's death, slew most of *Cyrus's* Army, and cut off his Head also, with those insulting words, *Satis te sanguine, quem sisisti*. Again, none more crafty then Women to invent Stratagems, lay Plots and Designs *ex tempore*; none more subtil to foresee and prevent them.

Why may not Gynæcocracy then be allowed, since a Scepter and Distaff are both alike weighty, and Women again be admitted into the Senate and Council? Though the Salick Law now forbid Women the Scepter; yet amongst the *Celts* in *France*, they were of Council formerly, who therefore admitted them, that when they had made too severe Edicts, they with their Lenity and Moderation might mitigate them. For indeed what Heart cannot the Oratory of sovereign Beauty melt and assuage? What Judge cannot a *Calphurnia* winde and turn to her own interests? *Pulcheria* did often consult with, and advise her Brother *Theodosius* the Emperour; *Theodora*, *Justinian*; *Agrippina*, *Claudius*; *Livia*, *Octavian*; *Katbe-*

Katherine de Medicis, her Husband and sons, all Kings of France like so many *Tanaguils*,

Medis levibusque Sabais

Imperat hic sexus, reginarumque sub armis

Barbaria pars magna jacet.—

The Medes, Arabians, and most part of the Barbarous World (sayes *Claudian*) was then under Female Governours. Nay, the third part of the World take it's name from Women, (as *Herodotus* observes) *Asia* from the Mother of *Prometheus*; *Europe* from *Agenor's* Daughter, *Europa* first Courted, *Lybia* from the Daughter of *Ephyas*, &c. And many Cities since bear their Names, as *Rome* from Captive *Romana*, *Lavinium* from *Lavinia*: And that inimitable Assyrian Queen *Semiramis*, in forty two years subdued most of *Asia*, built many Cities, *Babylon* the chiefest, and checkt the waves of proud *Euphrates*.

But I trifle. What can men indeed do without them either in War or Peace? A Woman with her Thunder-clapper can Roar and Batter like a Canon: And if her Beauty blinde you not, she can with her Distaff (especially if she set Fire to the Tow) first smoke a man into silence, and then Cudgel him with it into perfect Obedience. Witness the Valiant *Zantippe's* in all ages, who wear the Breeches, govern at home, and command their Cuckolds abroad, that they may play *Rex* both there and abroad with more security.

Are not such *Tisiphone's* then think you fittest for the Camp? Nay, such *Hecate's*, such furious Spirits, what wise Leader would not place in the very front of the Battel? for these are no Hag-gards; they scorn to turn tail, but boldly march forward, encountering the point of the fiercest weapon, and like *Messalena* are perhaps tired, but never weary of the Combate.

Surenus the Parthian General, when he Warred against the Romans, carried about with him constantly two hundred Concubines. And do not our Swiss Souldiers in *France, Italy, &c.* (as well as some of other Countreyes with their *Doxes*) march to this day most commonly with Baggage, accompanied with their Wives? such Amazonian Eyes dart like Lightning, and can strike fire out of the most soft and leaden Spirit.

Since then shame or love will make a Coward bold as *Hector*, since a Woman's Anger, Envy, Ambition, Hatred, and Malice is so mighty and invincible, and prompts them to dire attempts beyond the thoughts of most men; all objections of the indecency, weakness of body and mind through fear, modesty, &c. innate to that Sex (as many falsely suppose) being laid aside; and thus answered: Women I say ought, if they have not lost their pristine Valour, to follow the Camp as well as Men.

Paradoxical Assertion 12.

*Constantia apud unicam Messalinam non Virtus
constat, sed Solacismus; & gravius est pecca-
tum, quàm Fornicatio apud plurimas.*

That Constancy to one *Messalina* is no Vertue,
but a Solecism in Nature; and is a greater sin
then Fornication with many.

THough all offences are not capital, and yet
are without Repentance and Mercy all alike
Penal, contrary to *Jovinians* Error which he sucked
from the Stoick Schools, who think all Faults
alike grievous: yet I shall evince this Truth, that
that Constancy, which in *Italy* many Curtizans
boast of to their Paramours, is not onely not a
Vertue, but a Vice; nay, a greater sin then Forni-
cation with many, and therefore in Nature also
becomes a meer Solecism.

Degrees then in sin being allowed, for certainly
to Rob a Church is more hainous, then to steal
an Apple.

*Nec vincit ratio tantundem ut peccet idemque,
Qui teneros caules alieni fregerit horti,
Quam qui nocturnos Divum sacra legerit*—

For shall we not accompt him a greater Crimi-

nal, that of his own head, without any leave of the Neighbourhood asked or granted, shall enclose a part of a Common, and appropriate it to his private use and benefit, then the Rich man who over-stocks it? And is not these *parvatis* in the enclosure of Woman kinde?

Where a Fence must be made, the Church is to set the Hedge, and consecrate the Bounds: But when profane Atheists or Independent Teachers will Marry themselves (for this looks like Marriage, it being the Devils craft to come as near as he can to God in shew, so to bereave him of his Honour) in meer opposition to the Church; what is this, but usurping the Churches Priviledge, and a most malicious slighting of those Holy Ordinances appointed first by God himself in Paradise?

Observe also where Marriage is a Sacrament, and the Priests themselves forbid to partake of it; Stews are permitted even in *Rome* it self, in policy to keep their Wives honest. For they hold it impossible, (as well they may) so many idle, lusty, well-fed gallants; Monks and Fryers should live Chaste: and therefore are these *Ambubja* or Brothel-houses tollerated and connived at, to prevent (as they insinuate) both Adultery and Murther.

Well then, where such a Platonick Commonwealth and Community of men and Women is permit-

permitted, where Fornication to allay the bilious heat of Concupiscence is counted necessary, or but a Venial sin; why should any man think (especially there) to empale any part of this Common which lies so freely exposed to the publick good and benefit of all, since the publick must ever be preferred before any mans private interest?

If then, I say, it be such an apparent injury there, what shall an enclosure, a constant Fornication with one be accounted in all the Reformed Churches, where all Fornication is wholly and absolutely forbid and punished? What is this licentious joking but a dwelling in sin? and to repeat it with the same party, what doth it argue, but a greater lust? Whereas the act committed accidentally with strange persons, and that but perfunctorily perchance and in fear, it being not aggravated with those other evil circumstances, is by so much the more excusable. So that since all Fornication in general is unlawful in every Christian Church, and so prejudicial in that especially: by a *Sorites*, or induction *a fortiori*, it must needs be a greater sin and offence amongst us, who are otherwise taught both by the Laws of God and Man, that such Carnal Copulation most deeply entrenches upon Gods Honour.

But all Religion set apart, (as it is in truth amongst these brutish sensualities) what rational man would be wedded to one single Whore? who would

would be bewitched with one *Lau*? a eye more slavish then it is ignoble? And I would fain know, what natural carnal man, unrestrained either by Divine and Humane Laws, would by the Dictate of his own Reason, be confin'd to one onely, when his sense and appetite with the Mahometans prompts him to a more pleasing variety.

The Nicholaites, Adamites, &c. use a more promiscuous Venery, and think it lawful, without either respect of age, person, quality or condition, to mingle with any they first light on: as the Heathen were wont naked to satisfy their Lusts like very brut Beasts in their Sacrifices, before their *Priapus*.

Since then by meer natural instinct both men and beasts do all alike most incline to a promiscuous Community, and since to a Christian guided by Religion and Reason, an Impropropriation (especially of what we cannot call our own, and is performed without the Solemnity of the Churches joyning hands) is no way allowed; upon these grounds, I say, such a brutish Constancy is no Vertue, but a greater sin then Fornication with many; and is a very Solecism in Nature.

Para-

Paradoxical Assertion 13.

Qui magis sapiunt, magis insipiunt.

That the deepest Scholars are the shallowest Asses.

THat they are so in the eye of the world is obvious: who more ridiculous in all companies? while the meer Scholar looks like his Ass in the Colledge Quadrangle, and can hardly eat his meat for being stared upon. His Discourse smells o' the Lamp: Fough, cry the ignorant, he is unflavoury, morose, Pedantick, a meer Fardle of musty Books, whilst his Learning comes from him like water out of a bottle by gulps, or not at all: and then,

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc scias alter.

This is the vulgar Remarque upon Learning and learned men: the more's the pity, though in truth the best do but *delirare*; and are but *Erecla stultitia statuae*, as Scaliger calls them. It is Ignorance, blessed Ignorance, we all know, is the Mother to Devotion. Erasmus is as famous for his *Moria Encomium*, as learned Bacon for his *Advancement of Learning*.

Though I shall not therefore altogether decry humane

humane Learning with our new-gifted Precisians, because the Apostles were but plain Fishermen, &c. being *Homo trium literarum* myself: Yet I presume I have just Learning enough to evince this Assertion, That the *Scioli*, the *Gnosticks*, and most profoundly learned men in all Ages have found out the greatest Errors, Schism's, Heresies, &c. and have been guilty of more Madness and Folly, then the more sober, illiterate, and quiet *Proletarii*, whose implicit Faith without unprofitable Disputes (of which there is no end) is pin'd upon the Churches sleeve.

I may tell these acute and sophistical Jesuites and subtil School-men, as *Agrippa* told *Paul*, much Learning hath made them mad. They having more need to plant Hellebor, or set up three sails for *Anticyra*, then many others of shallower Capacity.

Aristotle the prince of Philosophers, who said, There is never any great wit, *sine mixtura demensie*, without a mixture of Madness, verified this saying first himself; for who but a mad man would have drowned himself in the Sea, because he understood not the reason of the Seas refluxes?

And I pray betwixt Madness and Folly what's the difference? No more then *inter Amentem & Dementem*, *Scotum & Sotum*: The one perhaps never was, the other nor was, or ever will be in his right

Assertions.

61

right wits. So that this priviledge a Fool hath above a Wise Man, he can never run out of his wits, which many that think themselves wise now a dayes do, at least are much besides them.

Indeed no Fool to the wise Fool: *Sapientia prima stultitia caruisse.* And no man so little wise, as he that thinks otherwise: the Overwise, being singular in that self-conceited opinion of his own Wisdom and Judgement. *Seest thou a man wise in his own Conceit, there is more hope of a Fool then of him, saith Solomon.* *Lipsius* was so puffed up with his Pedantick Learning, that he bragg'd, he onely sowed Wisdom in the Netherlands. *Paracelsus* elevated above his *Mercury*, boasted himself Divine, a Miracle-monger, that he could make little men, and raise the dead to life. *Ovid* thought his Poetry eterniz'd him,

Jamq; opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c. *Keplar's* Lunary transported him beyond his new World in the Moon, into the third Heavens and fantastick *Empyream* of those giddy Chymists. Indeed all excellent Musicians, Painters, Poets and Lovers, are allowed to be mad, *Poetica licentia.* And you may ever observe, that the most exquisite Artist in any Science or Manufacture, is the most conceited, and most transported with his own acquired Perfections.

But in Divine Affairs (though true Wisdom is no where to be found but in Holy Writ) how many

many Millions of Mad Enthusiasts have we? Such as pretend by their speculative Divinity, they are a *Secretis* to God Almighty; that they know what God is doing, and when he shall come to judge the World, &c.

To pass by the superstitious folly of each Order in the Roman Church, their ridiculous Legends, Traditions, and more idle Customs, all taken up upon trust: who cannot but see and admire the absurd Tenents, and most frantick Blasphemies of these grave Heads (as they call themselves) of the Church and particular Sects in all Ages? How many have fancied themselves to be *Elias* and *Christs*? as our *Eudo do stellis* in King Stephens time: *David George* in Holland, with *Hacket*, *Burchet* and *Hovart* of late in England? What monstrous Opinions have many other hair-brained *Je-hu's*, lead since by the dictates of their own Phantick spirits broached and obtruded to the *vic-moais*, who are ever apt to be turned about with any windy of Doctrine? And when the Guides are thus blinde and blinded with their own Zeal and Folly, needs must the blinder Flock miscarry.

Nor can his wife Holiness who sits in *Cathedra*, and cannot (at least as we are bid to believe) erre, be acquit from this infectious Leprosie of Madness and Folly, in assuming and obtruding it to the people, Gods Attribute to himself, Infallibility.

Indeed

Indeed now adays each man is Infallible, and wise in the *Achus*. And whereas *Griec* could heretofore boast but of seven Wise men, now we cannot finde so many fools, if all the foolish *Galatians* and *Gotham Coxcombs* were but Catechiz'd. And this is the height of Folly.

Since then *Bernardus non videt omnia*, and that the wisest men labour with fits of Folly; For so wise *Socrates* after all his search into Nature, and indefatigable study, did at last confess of himself, *Hoc tantum scio, me nihil scire*. Since our Masters of Arts are but Inceptors, but then beginning to learn, (when they have as they believe at least) devoured all the Arts: since all such as must be wise by Inheritance or Succession, as Popes, Rich men and Magistrates, are all but *Sapientum Octavi*, wise men in the Eight degrees since I say, *Solomon* the wisest of men concludes all is Folly and Vanity: and since *unus utriusque error, sed variis illudis partibus*: all men erre, and are consequently fools: I may certainly conclude, That the deepest Scholar, though he study by *Episternus* Lanthorn, sees no farther into a Millstone then the most illiterate Peasant, and commonly dotes with the greatest Folly.

Paradoxical Assertion 14.

Qui nullis infestantur inimicis, sunt miserrimi.

That those that have no enemies, are
most miserable.

Nec Amicum habeo, nec inimicum.

THUS Nero having enemies enough, falsely ex-
claimed, when even to avoid being surpriz-
ed of his enemies he could not finde one courte-
ous Friend to dispatch him. But what man living
else can say, he hath no enemy? or in truth who
can say, he hath a true friend?

Populus me sibilat, —

sayes the Miser in *Juvenal*. Let the whole Popula-
cy deride and hiss at me, let the whole Town en-
vy and revile me;

— At mihi plando :

Ipse domi simulac Nummos contemplor in arca.

What care I for their hate, so long as I have a
friend in a Corner? let them laugh on, so will I,
so long as the great God Mammon smiles in my
Chests. Is it not much better to be envied, then
to be pittied? Thus he. And thus may any Rich
or Eminent person securely argue,

'Tis true, all Eminency draws Envy after it na-
turally, as the Sun draws all eyes. And we see that
Bowl that is next the Mark is ever most aimed at.

Observe

Observe all the Darlings of Fortune, the Favorites and Minions in all Princes Courts, if Emulation, Detraction, Envy and Hate, have not attended all their Greatness.

Seneca was hated for his Eloquence and Riches. *Scipio* for his popular Power. *Catullus* for his Wealth and Grandure &c. yet though these *com multis alijs*, were envied for their Riches, even by their Princes also, (who as often fleeced, squeezed, and devested them of them again) it doth not therefore follow, that Ministers of State should cease to aspire, or do great things, if good. For so long as they live justly, and faithfully, and can preserve their Sovereigns favour, no matter how loud the Vulgar bark at them and traduce their Vertues.

I cannot therefore chuse but blame *Pompey* *Ventidius* his supine fear, who after three Victories over the Parthians, sat down modestly, threw down the Cudgels, and would not prosecute his good fortune, for fear of *Mark Anthony's* Envy, or Hate, under whom he served, though he were his superiour.

By the same reason our *Richard* the first should have desisted his brave Exploits in the Holy Land, because his Ambitious Cornival and Emulous Fellow-souldier, *Philip* of *France*, envied him so much, and cavill'd at all his Proceedings. No gallant Spirit degenerates, when it furdor up

within it self through Rashness, and through
 sloth or fear of Envy, declines such places of Trust
 as he can manage, and to which he is most adapted
 by Birth and Education.

Let the humble Lapwing pick worms, *Aquila
 non capis muscas.* A sting of a Wasp shall not
 fright a wife Husbandman from his Honey-comb
 and Hive.

Shall a valiant Leader fear two or three Pick-
 thank Enemies, or back biting scolding Slandere
 at home, that dare look thousands of Enemies in
 the face in open field undaunted? Shall a Minister
 of State fear the frowns or hate of the people
 for whose publique good he bends all his endeavours?
 Or what need he care for some few sa-
 vious mens undervaluing, so long as without Op-
 pression or Insolence he can set uppermost in the
 warm sun-shine of his Masters favour? Shall he
 fear to amass Riches, so long as he doth but *no-
 dere pecus, not deglutire?* or doth not by grasping
 too much, amass a publique Envy and lose all?
 Shall he fear Enemies abroad, that hath such a
 sure friend at home, a good Conscience? *Amicus
 Socrates, Amicus Plato, sed magis Amicus Veritas,*
 should be the Result of every honest man; for he
 that can preserve Truth and Honesty in his breast
 is happy without other Friends, and need not fear
 any Enemies.

Well then; since the Rich and Powerful that
 have

have so many Enemies and bitter Enemies are yet most happy, then certainly the poor Man who hath no such Enemies, and whose pitiful Estate and Condition no man envies, is of all men most miserable; for all his dayes are miserable. Nay, though the poor Man be never so wise, honest, learned, or well-deserving, yet is he neglected and slighted of all his neighbors, *Propter vitam vitæ*. *Propter* must stand without door, sing Ballads, or beg, if he want money; for unhappy Poverty makes a man not onely Ridiculous and Contemtable, but Base, forces him to ill actions, steal and be hang'd; and what more miserable?

This necessity is as terrible, as well as it is *Terribile*, that in *Japonia* to avoid hunger and beggery, if they be poor, they stifle their Children, or make an abort, which *Propter* cruelly commends. The like has been done in *China*. Nay, Christians (if we may believe *Maffius*) in *Lithuania*, have mangled and sold themselves, Wives and Children, to rich men, to prevent those fatal extremities of Want, Sickness, Hunger, and Starving.

Since then, no man doth, or can live without some Enemies, but the wretched Beggar, (whose only one is a Constable) and no Joints to serve, slavish and miserable, as Poor men, who are the Pack-horses or Foot-stools for the Rich to ride on.

get up on and ride; I may positively conclude
That such Poor men, who onely have no Enemies
are most miserable.

Paradoxical Assertion 15.

*Dignior inter Pedites primus, quam inter
Equitres secundus.*

That it is better to be Head of a Private House,
then the Tail of a Noble Family.

————— *Fama servit ineptus.*
Qui stupet in Titulis & Imaginibus. ———

L. Brutus, at the first Rise of the then Roman
Aristocracy, though he had Title fair enough
to the Crown, yet perceiving the peoples dis-
affection to Monarchy, chose rather to be the first
Consul, then the last Prince. Like that worthy
Gentleman, who resolved rather to sit still at the
upper End of the Bar-Table, then follow his
Puilnees at the Bench, who were otherwise be-
neath him both in Learning, Judgement, and
Desert.

In time, the people — *Stultus honores,*
Sapientia indignis; —
 But a wise Prince will prefer none but those that
 best deserve.

The Switz, Ragusian, and United Provincial
 Democracies, (as the Turks do at this day advance
 their Bassawes) admit none to wear Honours He-
 reditary; nor any to bear Office, but the most
 learned, wisest, and best qualified. He that is Heir
 to the Vertues as well as Fortunes of a noble Fa-
 mily, is fittest to govern an Estate. And such He-
 reditions onely being more honourable in Birth
 and Education, are for their Valor and Integrity
 fit Pillars for a Commonwealth.

There a young Lordling possessed of many
 Mortgaged Mannors, as cracke as his Manners, is
 turn'd Spend-thrift, and makes more haste to Po-
 verty, then all his graping Ancestors did to grow
 rich. Here's one runs his Estate out with his Dogs
 and Horses. Another makes it fly with his Hawks
 after Butter-flies, or Birds of small value. Here's
 one with the Pallie in his Elbow, shakes it and the
 House so long, till it crack or fall at one shake.
 Another Sybaritical Glutton, *Apicius*-like, in-
 mates his Fathers Lands and Houses in his Belly,
 or being given to Wine, pisses out his Patrimony
 against a wall. Here one consumes all in sum-
 ptuous Building, and buries all in the Rubbish.
 Another prodigious Prodigal prostrates his Estate

so a prostrate *Chieftain*, confines himself and Fortune amongst Women; through the Saltiness of whose Tails he entails Shame and Beggery to his half-pockified Posterity.

If such be the end of most of our Nobility and gallant Gentry, they may well get Supporters to their Arms: Though when they are Crest-fallen and reduced to Poverty, all their Crests and glorious Coats will hardly keep them warm: nor when hungry, will their painted Lions and Eagles feed them. And thus their Shame, as well as Misery is greater, because entailed. *Fai Cuori*, or *Fai Diori*, are both but lamentable Motto's, when a Patrician in his old age shall be entombed in a Prison or Hospital.

*Stigmata quid faciunt, quid prodest Pectus longo,
Sanguine cense?*

The twinkling Stars on their Cloaks are little minded when the golden Sun shines not in their Pockets. Alas! Thread-bare Nobility without other Endowments, is a *Non ens*, a meer flash of Lightning and Airy Fancy; this which so many boast of,

Nobilitas sola est, aique unica virtus.

An apostate *Horace*, *Elbertino Patre natus, ex Terra filius*, who by his admired worth and super-eminent qualities steps forward, though he be but a Carpenters Son, and so knows best how to raise his House, is more honourable, then such out-side

Glo-worms

Glo-worms, who swell with Honours and shine
with long-winded Titles, and carry no true and
constant heat of Vertue and Magnanimity in their
Breasts.

Why then should a mean Extraction be despised?
Et non erat sapa Vix magnus Asia. The
greatest Houses were once but lean Cottages;
and the Capitol was at first covered with thatch.
How many from private Souldiers have risen up
to be Emperours? as *Regillianus*, *Pertinax*, *Adri-
aninus*, *Probus*, &c. How many Popes and Car-
dinals, for their Cardinal Vertues, have been ad-
vanced to the Chair *ex infima plebe*? How ma-
ny in all Ages, of all Professions, have raised them-
selves out of nothing to great Honours? And
set aside our City Majors, (who are seldom elected
to that Government but for their Riches onely)
who better deserve them?

For tell me: What doth our noble *Hero* so
much boast of? Of his great, great, great Grand-
fathers noble Exploits and Services done perhaps
in such a Kings reign, and the Barony, or the
like, conferr'd upon him for that Action.

Or quid ad te?
Nam genus & praeceps & quae non fecimus ipsi,
Est una nostra cura.
What if

Avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
Quis qui magnis regionibus imperit avus.

What is all this to the present Inheritor, if he degenerate into a Palmire, into a Forge and base *Neoplatonius*? What boots all those fair Houses and ancient Demeasines descended to him, when he hath not wit enough to keep them, or sometimes an Accompt, but suffers his Stewards and Bailiffs to Let and Sell him? Whereas the modest private person of mean though honest Parentage, who strives in a serious Emulation of others Vertues, to excel them in the Goods of Nature, meets with the Goods of Fortune also, and in that is much happier in the raising of his elegant superstructure. As that Architect was more famous, that built *Diana's* Temple, than *Erostratus* infamous that burnt it down: Or as that Mason hath more skill that can build a stately Edifice, then the ignorant work-man that only knowes how to pull it down.

To conclude then; It is more Honourable to say, This was got by my own Industry and careful Endeavours, then when it is too late with shame enough to say, This I lost, sold, or spent, by my Luxury and Folly?

Besides, I am sure a Farthing Candle new lighted and set up, is much better then one of Four in the pound almost blaz'd away and reduced to his last Sauff, which alwayes goes out with the greatest stink.

Philosophical
PROBLEMS.

BY



*Aut prodesse solent aut de-
lectare.*

London, Printed by R. W. and are to be sold by
Charles Webb, at the Bores-Head in
St. Pauls Church-yard, 1659.



The Table of the Philosophical Problems.

- W**hy *Jems* are said to sink naturally?
 Why a fair Woman is said to be fish below?
 Why the stone water-spouts are formed conveying
 water through the Lions Mouth?
 Why Cuckolds are said to wear Horns?
 Why drowned women float with their Bellies down-
 wards?
 Why there are more Christnings registred then Bu-
 rials?
 Why men talk most and loudest when drunk?
 Why there is reason in roasting of Eggs?
 Why Englishmen creep to the Chimney in Winter
 and Summer also?
 Why the younger Children are more ingenuous then
 the Eldest?
 Why Dogs turn round so often before they lie down?
 Why drunken men run when they cannot stand?
 Why man is naturally so unapt to swim?
 Why the Botonick Galenist gets more Gold then the
 Hermetick Paracelsian

Why

The Contents.

Why mean persons dye of the great Pox, and great
persons dye of the small Pox?

Why the abused husband is called Chalked?

Why the covetous Barber is called Hag?

Why confident men never blasp?

Why women naturally grow not bald?

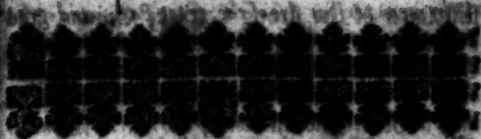
Why Barbers are news-mongers?

Why men are sooner inebriated at dinner than at
supper?

Why Melancholly men are witty?

Why the Cornutee loves the Cornutor?

Philo-



Philosophical PROBLEMS.

*Why Jews are said to Stink
Naturally?*

Non bene olet, qui bene semper olet.

SAID witty *Martial* satyrically: so that that according to his sense, the Jews may be said to stink indeed, because, ever extremely odoriferous, being anointed with Saffron, Nard or Oyl of Spike, &c. to preserve their dainty bodies from infection. Perhaps they still

still smell of the strong Garlick, Onions, and
 Flash-pots of *Exor*, in which they so delighted.
 Or is it not because they feed the best and dearest
 of all men, and so the Philosophical Axiom
 may be best verified in them, *Corruptio optima est
 pessima*. This verity holding Analogy also in
 their manners and nature, as well as diet.

For they, who were once the Peculiar and
 elect people of God, are now become the unfavou-
 ry cast-aways, the Refuse, Vagabonds and Ster-
 gilicious Off-scourings of the World. And in this
 accursed detestable Nation they are stunk in
 all Countreys, as the Pests of mankind. And
 for this may most properly be said to stink in the
 offended Nostrils of God, and of all good Men.

Or is it, because their Noses are of the size of
Martials Papilae, so long and great, and there-
 fore full of Mucro and Stink? or because the
 Jews-Ears grow on stinking Elder (which Tree
 that Fox-headed *Judas* was falsely supposed to have
 hanged himself on.) And so that natural stink
 hath been entailed on them and their Posterities
 as it were *ex traduce*. Or do they not rather stink
 for fear of being abused and undone (as it hath
 been the fate of these scabbed sheep to be shorn
 and Tar-markt in whatsoever Climate they have
 stunk) these *Dei-Regicides* being both the scorn
 and the hate of all Common-wealths, but such as
 are like them *Anti-Monarchical*.

*Why a fair Woman is said to be
Fish below.*

According to the Verse.

Defect in Pictur. Mulier Formosa superius.

BECAUSE some of them are the Otters, nei-
ther Flesh, nor Fish, nor good Red-Herring;
and so being reckoned amongst the Amphibolous
Animals, men had need look to their wares.
Or is it because from the waiting-place down-
wards they Bath with *Susanna* so long till the El-
ders shoot them with winde and water, and then
board their weak Pinnaces? Or because they are
Composed of Phlegm and Water, of a flesh-fishy
substance (for there is a flesh of fish also) and we
commonly say, he that holds a woman hath a
slippery Eel by the Tail? Or is it, because the
Back of a Teuch and the Belly of a Wench are
enjoyed? Or because their Fish-pools full of
Cold-ling, whilst that taste and savour gives the
Maid and Mermaids the best relish, and a Tail of
Green-fish buttered well with Eggs, you know
hath the like *Taste*.

Or is it not because they are *Kenny*-like, born of
the

the Sea, like that fair unconstant Goddess, their Queen-Mother, their lower parts like hers, being more moist and colder, according to the Adage.

A Dogs Nose, and a Womans Kiss,

They at all times cold will be.

But I rather believe it is, because women are (or ought to be at all times) as mute as fishes, and so might be suspected to be fish all over, did they not devour more mans flesh, then either *Spinola's* Whale, or *Seneca's* Lampreys.

Why the stone water-spouts are formed, conveying water through the Lions Mouth?

Why? the Stone-cutters' fancy a Lion vomiting up the rain-waters, may either be because as the Lion Roars with open mouth, so through his fierce *Aqueduct* those violent inundating streams are made to roar also. Or perhaps the Lions are there placed, as the Devil is over *Lincoln*, with fowre and terrible looks (as those that spue are Lion-like) onely to fright Thee from the Mansion.

Problems.

5

Or because the Lion is supposed to forget its Fertility, and minister cordial waters to the use of Mankind: according to *Emochus* his Elegant Epigram of a Marble Lion ejecting water as it were out of his bowels; which he thus concludes

Effera dum vitreos effundunt marmora fontes

Dira saluiferis corda levantur aquis.

But I rather agree with *Plutarch's* conceit: that the Lion is made to belch forth waters; because when the Sun hath passed *Leo*, they then stream most abundantly.

Why Cuckolds are said to wear Horns?

WHEN the Woman is the verier Beast, why should the innocent Husband wear the Horns? Unless you'll say he looks like *Asps* Ase with his two ambitious ears (which may be mistaken for Horns) cropping of Thistles, whilst the Rampant Adulterer crops the sweet flowers of his wives Chastity?

Is it not because the abused Cuckold becomes Lunatick at the Affront, and so every Moon at

G

least

least being either changeable, jealous, or horn-mad, or all three, he wears her Horns by Assimulation? Or is it because the Cuckoldly *Alceon* is transformed into a Stag by his Ephesian *Diana*? Or being an Hunts-man, like him, in perpetual Chase of his wives suspected Chastity, doth he therefore wear the Bogle to wind it aloud when the Deer is fallen? Or as the Snail which is said to have Horns also, that appear but seldome, so doth not this Hedge-creeper thrust out his Horns sometimes at his forehead, and as often put them up quietly, and wear them in his pocket?

Or is not this monster rather said to wear the Horns, because other men with their two fore-fingers point and make Horns at him? And thus vexed and nettled, he scratcheth his aking head, when it is his salt-wives tail onely that itches? Or doth he not swear damn him and ram him so often, till at last he look like *Aries* indeed? Or since they be both one flesh, and she sins under Covert Baron, but with her Husbands Limbs, he being the Head, why should not the Horns in justice and reason be fitly placed upon the mans forehead, as who would say,

Quam pulchrum est digito monstrari, & dici hic est!
So that a Salacious woman, (who is of the Epicæne Gender) may well be compared to the flesh-devouring Eagle, which is *Aquila*, both he and shee.

FFly

*Why drowned women float with
their Bellies downward?*

Since it is the natural disposition of light women to fall backwards, and since Philosophy tells us, that heavy bodies move downwards, and that all light things tend upwards, why should women then renverve to men when drowned, lie with the face downwards, which part being fair, they have least cause to be ashamed of? This Problem might have puzzled *Aristotle* (that studied them well) were he now alive; and have made him that studied the Sea as much have drowned himself again, for indignation that he could not solve this Riddle.

Is it because women are so naturally given to change, that when dead also they maintain the same mutability against the Laws of Art and Nature? Or because that changeable and unconstant Element is governed by the Moon, do they therefore with their multiformed Governels affect the like preposterous change in their Bodies also, whilst they float thus arse-varse upon that uncertain Element? Perhaps it is because *Venus* was born of the Sea, and therefore women naturally love and embrace as it were with their

Arms and face towards it, when dead, that specious Element whence that fairest Queen of Women was extracted.

Or may it not rather be suspected, they are looking towards the Infernal Pit, whether *Charon* is ferrying their black souls, and they are sailing? Did not Charity oblige me to a more candid construction of this their Aversness Heaven-wards, and bid me rather believe, that by natural instinct, the innate Modesty of that Bashful Sex thus endeavours to hide from us it's Nakedness, as *Pudenda*.

why

*Why there are more Christnings
Registered in England then
Burials?*

THough there is a Statute for all men to dye; and none was yet translated to Heaven (for I doubt whether *Enoch* and *Elias* are bodily there as yet) but through *Ezekiel's* Valley of dead and dry Bones: And for that cause *John* the Evangelist was falsely suggested not to dye, upon our Saviours Hypothesis, *What if he tarry till I come?* Though *Moses* his Burying-place was concealed, least perhaps the Idolatrous Israelites should have adored his Shrine, or for other reasons best known to God himself: yet that there are more Christned, then Dead or Buried now adayes in *England*, is *Billa vera*, and as sure as Death it self.

Is it then because the Font being at the Church entrance, and therefore more perspicuous, and that we take notice of those that enter the stage at first with more attention alwayes, then him that speaks the Epilogue? Or because one Childes crying in the Temple is more observ'd then the *Exit's* of twenty men stealing thence quietly one by one before Sermon be ended? Or is it because our *Jordans* of late o'reflow with Anabaptists,

who whilst they multiply Baptismes, wash away Christianity it self?

And truly this last reason might most prevail with me, did I not rather fear, that too too many by ill deferring it, dye before they be so happy as once to be registred amongst Christians in holy Church? But indeed this certain Truth is raised from Policy and Experience.

For this Island is naturally wholesome, and since so many are translated hence to Forreign Plantations; since some kill themselves; and are denied Christian Burial; since many others dye in the Wars, on the Seas, or Gallows, and are numbred with the Dead indeed, but their number not particularly known: It is no wonder the Church-yards swell no more with Grave-stones, and that by these violent and unknown wayes and means, the Christnings should exceed the Burials in every Parish.

*Why men talk most and loudest
when they are drunk.*

Since full Hogsheads do least resound, and empty Casks return the best and clearest answer, why should men when swilled with drink and fullest, be fuller then ordinary with noise and clamour? You will reply perhaps, That they are then emptiest. For having turn'd out o' doors the Minde, and the rational Soul either dislodged at present, or withdrawn to sleep in some corner of the Body, according to the Proverb, *When the Drink is in, the Wit is out*, And so being as it were out of themselves, devoid of their Reason, they may be truly said then emptiest, in the Garret especially, and so no wonder if they be heard loudest, over the whole House.

Or are they not like our Organ-pipes, which never sound full and loud, till soundly filled; and then, like them, no sooner full, but roaring? Or doth the Spirit of Wine enliven and embolden them the more? Or the oylinefs of the Grape doth it so supple the Tongue and untye the Ligaments thereof, that it may run the more easily? Or doth not the jovial God *Liber*, to whom they sacrifice, assist them to speak the more freely and loudly,

loudly; that, thus amidst the high Jollities of those Bacchanals, they may the better be heard of that Deity they then invoke. Indeed the Mariners in a storm at Sea cry alwayes loudest: So in a Deluge and Sea of Drink, where the Understanding is first shipwrackt, the troubled Sea-sick Sailors must with the Billows storm for company in this Confusion, or else they cannot hear; for understand one another either but seldom do, unless it be by signs.

Or doth the continual pouring forth of their Liquors deafen them, like the by-dwellers to the Cataracts of *Nyle*? and so make them hoop and hollow to one another as they were all hunting the Fox in the *Wild of Kent*, or dwelt in *Chaucer's* Mill? Or doth the Drink make them wise, or at least think they are so, and accordingly make every one abound in his own Sense, and Quarrel too, as in the Battel of the *Lapithæ*, if that be contradicted?

But I rather believe the cause why the notorious drunken *Antonies* of this age are so obstreperous, is either because their stomachs boil with *St. Anthony's* Fire, or that they do *malè audire* indeed in either sense: And therefore their Reason being lost, (as Losers may have leave to speak) they plead the louder with their Stentorian voices. For the Drunkard that was *Bos in lingua* when sober, animated with Liquor, makes more noise then twenty Gossips and Midwives at a Labor.

Why there is Reason in Roasting Eggs?

IS it because there is a Reason in all Dominion, and to rule the Roast well, is no small part of Reason and Judgement? Or because men are so apt to cry Roast-meat as they are, and to cry up any thing that is good? Is not therefore the Roasted Egg cryed up because it is as full of Goodness, as it is of Yolk? Or because there is more then ordinary skill in Roasting them exactly, then in Boiling them?

Or are not Roasted Eggs therefore preferred, not onely in that they are substantial and genitive, and so have *materia primam* in them: but because they multiply of themselves with the Crums of Comfort into Scholars Eggs, and so may very well be thought Reasonable? Or because the Egg sits upmost at the upper end of the Table, and with them the Meal is commenced? Is it not therefore accounted the worthiest Viand, and consequently in Reason to be preferred.

*Why English Men creep to the
Chimney in Winter and Sum-
mer also?*

THis is, because that place is coolest in the Summer, and hottest in Winter; according to the Chimneys old Motto, *Æstate frigo, Hyeme caleſco*. Thus under the notion of being comfortably refreshing in both Seasons alike, it draws us to it, as if there were a Load-stone buried under the Hearth-pace, by a secret sympathy.

Or do not the pleasant green Boughs, fragrant Flowers, and Water-pots, together with Cool-stones and Marble there scited, invite us all thither, for Coolness? For certainly there descends as cool a Breize down the Tunnel, as sometimes comes in at the Door. Or are not our Epicurean Fancies more delighted with, and therefore more enclined to honor that place, that ministers the Fuel to our hot Appetites? Or since *in medio conſiſtit virtus*, do we not like that place best as most honourable and most frequented, being situate in the midst of the Room-alwayes by skilfull Architects?

Or doth not the warm Zeal of an English mans Devotion (who was ever observed to contend

tend most stiffly *pro Aris & Facis*) make them maintain and defend the sacred Hearth, as the Sanctuary and chief place of Residence of the Tutelary Lats and Household-Gods, and the onely Court where the Lady Fairies convene to dance and revel?

Why the Younger Children are more Ingenuous then the Eldest?

IT is because the Youngest being robbed of succession into civil Benefits and Lands, therefore our wise indulgent Mother Nature carefully layes up for them a lasting stock of Wit of her own providing, equivalent to a Portion. Besides, though the Younger be less able to help themselves, and for that cause in many places, by Custome, are first and best provided for: yet since our Common Law gives all the Reall Estates to the Eldest, she (who is the pattern to all

all Laws) in Equity gives Cunning to the Younger, that by the help of their Wits, these Citizens of the World may shift and get their Livings.

Some may ascribe this sterility of the Brain in the First-born, to the over early Copulation and Pregnancy in this fruitful Island, where we tread almost as soon as out o'th' shell, and marry for the most part as soon as they do in the hottest Countreys. And probable enough it is, that thus through the want of Virility, or rather maturity in either Sex, the Off-spring, and that especially the first, is infected with the Rickets of the Minde as well as the Body.

For how should two Striplings in whose smooth Faces neither Sex can be distinguished, who both cannot count twice Thirteen, and scarce understand what, or how they act, or which way they come into the world themselves, at their first Venereal Rencontres, get other then such Insects and Pigmies in Stature and Understanding? Whereas the Younger begotten in riper Years, in mature Judgement and Experience, have that well-digested Judgement and Reason, *ex traduce*, derived to them from their more aged and wiser Parents.

Indeed as in that unnatural Disease of the Rickets (known amongst us but lately within these Eighty Years) the Head is too big for the

the dwindling Body; so as unnaturally the Eldest Brothers Fortune swells, whilst the Underwoods and Younger Suckers would dwindle and consume to nothing, did not Nature carefully feed and preserve them with the sovereign Nectar of *Apollo* and the *Muses*. The eldest therefore who commonly suck too long, and much of their fond Mothers Milk, and are most Cockeyed, may therefore have that Priority allowed them to be the first and greatest Fools, and in time prove Dotards.

#67

*Why Dogs turn round so often
before they lie down?*

IS it because Dogs are more subject to the Vertigo or Megrim, then other Creatures; and so being more inclin'd to madness are therefore most restless? Thus while the Syrian Star in the Canicular dayes reigns (at Rome especially) they say Dogs and French-men have their Deliriums and are ever actively turning or walking, though at Noon the hottest time of the day.

Or is it because they are Round-headed, and so being of an Oval and vertiginous disposition, are never quiet, but turning round from one Maze to another Labyrinth? As these giddy turn-coats do through all the wild and blinde Mazanders of Civil and Church Government? Or are they Philosophical, and have found out the perpetual motion onely? For we read of *Tobias* Dog (the best of that kinde sure) that he was ever either sociably walking with, or dotifully following after his Master, and not at all hinde when or where he rested or lay down (though 'tis to be presumed when he did, he was so active, he turned round also.)

Indeed we finde men that are currish, and of a dogged disposition, are ever restless and unquiet.

But

But I rather believe the true natural reason why Dogs turn round so often is, They then go about to lie down. For rest is the end of all Motion and Labour.

Why Drunken men run when they cannot stand?

THe reason of this is best confirm'd by similiary demonstration. For example; Observe but how the violent current of an Impetuous River swelled up to the Banks by the sudden inundation of showers and encrease of smaller Brooks and Rivulets being stopped by a dam or other obstacle, either runs backward, or over, or on each side of the dam, and at long running falls of it self. Just so a drunken person fill'd up to the very throat with wash, foams and is ready to run over at the Mouth, and will be running, though he be reeling on one side or other, till he gently falls into the Ocean of Liquor perhaps himself spued up but just before.

Is it then because his Brains are hot, and so heat becoming the cause of motion, as well as motion

is the cause of heat, that in this restless condition, the Vertigo of the Brain descends into the feet, and sets them on running also? Or are our *English* Drunkards like our *Lancashire* Bagpipes, no sooner full of Wine, as the others with winde, but going? It being observable in English men drunk or sober, that they rest not long in any one place. Whereas the tun-bellied Sedentary Dutchman, and more stayed *Dane*, though they be moved with Wine, yet move they not from the spot, till they fall dead on it under the Table, or are carried thence? Or doth the spirit of the Liquor infus'd encourage Philosophizing good fellows to finde out the perpetual motion, that thus whilst the Spiker's out, the Drink running, Healths flying, the Smoak vapouring, their Brains turning round, and the World running round also, they themselves should run also to bear them all company?

Or is not this Volatile Issue of the Brain caused by the Defluxions of Rhenmes and Vapours thence, like an Issue of the Body, never well but running? Or is not the professed Drunkard, like a Bowl, without a Bias, which is never well but Trouling and running awry and out o'th' way? For in truth when that force, that moves either of them, laggs; then both of them fall alike instantly, as a stumbling horse will rumble forward a good while before he sinks down right.

Why

*Why men are sooner inebriated
at Dinner then at Supper?*

WHen holy Writ sayes, *They that are drunken, are drunken in the night*; for as *Pliny* insinuates, they drink then most freely in hope of sleep, which is a great help to the dissolving of the fumes, rarifying and settling the brain: Is it not then Problematicall why mens brains are at noon more enclined to intoxication?

Perhaps it is because men are then sipping in regard of their afternoon Dispatches; for sipping we all know foxeth sooner then sloping larger draughts.

Or is it not rather because our stomacks are then emptiest; for long fasting makes the heat of our appetite flacid, or quite dead? Or is it (as Physicians agree) because the passages by which the nourishment should disperse being then shut, sticks indigested in the mid-way, and diffuses it self later into the veins, and thus through long emptiness the stomack oppressed with crude ill humors, nauseates meat, or is sooner satisfied? thus where no good Foundation is laid, there can be no good superstructure: for without ballast the ship over-turns.

H

But

But I rather believe men are then soonest inebriated, because as *Bacchus* was inter *Bacchanalia* then truly *Liber*, and at night after good digestion fittest for Venereal embraces: so men being as little ashamed now, as he was to be seen drunk in the day, drink *sub dio*, and such drinking in the open air when the Sun's heat opens the pores, sooner inebriates then drinking in a close room at night.

Why man is naturally so unapt to swim?

Since man was first preserved by, and out of the waters, and ever since *Noah's* time has delighted in, and lived on the waters: since he can sail so well *Levere*, and swim in all waters, with all winds, even against winde and Tide: why should man then of all Creatures be so unapt to swim when his naked body (fittest therefore for that purpose of all other Creatures) is first exposed to the mercy of that soft and pliant Element? Did not the spirit of God first move on the face of the waters? and ever since have they not been most

most useful and ministerial to mankind; That then such sovereign Ministers should prove so bad Masters, so destructive and distasteful to man our-
ly, is the greater wonder.

Is it because man hath more of *Prometheus* his æthereal fire in him, and so because Fire and Water cannot agree through this Antipathy and Reluctant Abhorrency, is it that he doth naturally disgust that cold and watry Region? And yet report bears Witches above the Waves, riding on *Neptunes* hoary Shoulders in Triumph. But this Conceit is so shallow it cannot hold water, nor can so light an opinion, contradicted by daily experience, sink with me into a belief. The Mermaids indeed ride on *Thetis* Lap: Nor is it any wonder, since they are more then half fish, that they should swim in their old Element. And if *Jonas* were not Transubstantiated Fish in the Whales belly, when he did swim as fast as it, the miracle was the greater. Sure I am, never flesh liv'd so long in the salt Sea, or lay in such a pickle.

Is it not then the sad weight of our original sin, with the load of actual transgressions, that sinks our stony-hearted bodies down to the bottomless pit, the center, to which all sublunary things do naturally tend?

Or is it not rather an innate fear that makes mans heart all lead, as *Peter's* was, and so consequently sinks him into faithless despair?

For certainly man having Arms and Legs, which are the natural Fins and Oars to the Body, had he but resolution and courage answerable to move them orderly, might swim as naturally and easily as walk, without the help either of Cork or Bladder. Nor is there any habit so natural, for the skill being once attained, it is never through disuse forgotten.

*Why the Bottonick Galenist
gets more Gold then the Her-
metick Paracelsian ?*

WHen the Founder of Spagyricall Physick could (as he vainly boasted of himself) by meer Art make little men, raise the dead to life, and prolong that life to some thousand of years. When Paracelsian extractions are found by experience less loathsome and cumbersome, and withal more spiritually operative, especially when applied with good advice and judgement; why should the dull *Herbalist* extract more Gold out of his Earthy simples, then the Hermetical *Chymist* out of his sublimated and more *Æthereal* Compounds?

Is it because their Gold also (since they have resolved all natural bodies into Salt, Sulphur, and Mercury) is become thereby like the first principles more Mercurial, and so flies away with it, in fumo? Or is it because their artificial separations, preparations, and seemingly Magical applications (as in the weapon salve which *Paracelsus* first brought to light) startle the ignorant, who diving not into the secrets of natural Sympathies, believe such cures Diabolical, and therefore bring not their Gold to these Magical Physicians? Or is it not because they turn over every Stone in search of the Philosophers, which makes them poor; and instead of turning Iron into Gold, transmute all the Gold into worse metal and very Cinders at last? Though I am more inclin'd to believe, that the *Botanick* sows his Gold with his Herbs in his Garden which so grows with them visibly: whereas the *Chymicks* imperceptible notions of golden Mountains are onely the speculative and Aery Fancies of Quick-silver wits.

For seeing is believing, and the vulgar Patients reason is more satisfied with what he sees and knows to be natural, then with what a strong Faith must prompt him to believe may possibly come to pass, by such extraordinary and præternatural (as he conceives) wayes and means.

*Why mean persons dye of the
great Pox, and great persons
dye of the small Pox oftner ?*

THIS is because the rich men bring more Oyl to feed the Physicians Lamps, whereas through their frequent Fluxes and Purgations the Oyl in their own Medulla's commonly extinguisheth soonest.

For example, the great person gives a great fee for his small pox : (which natural disease we bring with us into the World) whereas Dame Nature and one careful Shee-tender, cure it sooner than the whole Colledge, whilst the poor man is not able or willing to give a small fee for his great Pox, for which Disease the Physicians skill is most requisite. Whereas if the *Jewie Pox* would alwayes visit the Gentleman, and the *lousie Job's Pox* the Beggar, the one scraped with a Pot-sheard, and liquored with a little Beef-broath ; and the other dieted, fluxed, barked, steamed with a Syringe, and well purged, might be cured infallibly, nor would eithers Pox prove fatal ? It may be said also, that the rich are so curious in preserving their beauties from the malicious Claws of this worse then time-eating small Pox, that so pre-

serve the face, the whole body is often hazarded, for fear least these Moles or Earth-worms should break out there too furiously, and make the Phylonomie look like an *Issington-Cake* with the Plums pickt out; they with their cool repul-sives strikethem in agen, too and through their very hearts. Whereas the lusty Peasant, careless of being disfigured with these Love-dimples, drives them out with a Horse-pox, as they came in, onely with the help of a Saffron-Peper-poffet, and a strong sweat, and lives to see these tender ones pickled up for the Worms, and worse pitted in their very Graves.

Indeed the great ones are often too strong (I mean not for their sent onely) for the poor man to overcome. Partly, because he is too long ignorant of his malady, or where it lies; whilst that slye venomous Serpent is crept into his very Bones often, ere he knew it was gotten into his flesh: And partly because his strong diet of Beef, Cheese, Onyons, &c. is most offensive to that Neapolitan, that must be fed cleanly with dry Mutton, Clean Larks, and Partridge, &c. and that diet but sparingly. So that the hungry Clown in starving this his disease, starves himself, and unless a *London* Hospital in time set him on his Legs again, he dies of an Ague or Consumption in the Countrey, where all Diseases are known by those two names onely, and commonly have all one and the same cure.

Why the abused Husband is called Cuckold?

SINCE *Plautus* wittily and with most reason calls the Adulterer, and not him whose Wife is Adulterated *Cuculum*, the Cuckold, because he begets Children on others Wives, which the Credulous Father believes his own: why should not he then that corrupts another mans wife, be rather called the Cuckow, for he sits and sings merrily whilst his Eggs are hatcht by his neighbours Hens?

Is it because the Cuckow is bald, and so the Cuckold by tearing his hair off for anger, or its falling off through his wifes unclean rottenness, he becomes bald also as a Sea-cout? Or is it because when that bird sings, all the wood rings, and all the neighbouring Towns must hear of his approach? Or because that bird is alwayes alone, and so is the Cuckold, being from his mate when first adopted, or disconsolate ever after for want of her company? Or is it not rather, because as that bird is booted at, and look'd on as ridiculous, so the monstrous animal with his supposed Horns is stared on as much as if they were there really fixt, and in this notion is as much derided?

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Why the covetous Miser is called Hog?

BEcause like the Hog he feeds nastily on Roots, Akorns, and Offals, routing up other mens grounds for them also; doth no good, but mischief, while he lives; and like the beastly injurious, ravenous, insatiable Hog, is onely good when he is dead.

Or is it not because this earthy muck-worm, wallows and delights in his red dirt? And whereas

De Homini sublime dedit——

Man of all Creatures is made to look upwards to Heaven, these earthly-minded bruits look downwards, as their thoughts direct them.

—— *Curva in terras anima & caelestium in auct.*

Why confident men never blush?

IS it because (ignorance and impudence being two inseparable companions, the ignorant are blind, and blind men cannot blush) doth this night of Ignorance and blindness of understanding thus cause Bold men, like blind *Bayard*, to commit Folly and wink at it, as if no body saw them neither?

Or is it the want of soft fear that makes the face Brazen, as if he had been Christened in Pump-water? For whereas in a bashful person afraid to offend, his Heart misgives him in presence of those that observe his defects: so that whilst his face labours, and nature to help it sends up heat, and that heat draws up the subtlest blood, he blushes, which bold and impudent men careless of others smiles or frowns, do not? Or is it not because bashfulness, or blushing, proceeding either from shame or fear of having committed some evil, being a peculiar passion proper to man onely, cannot paint the cheeks of an impudent beast, though his sins be as red as Scarlet?

But I rather believe such is the effrontery of a Brazen-fac't person, that the thick skin of his hard forehead and face, is as much hardned as his heart is; and so his blood cannot be discerned, which

which in a Bashful person is as transparent as his crime.

Why women naturally grow not Bald?

NO wonder why *Salencus* King of *Syria* never affected *Strawice* his wife, after he had espied her Bald-pate, by chance as she was undressing: It was a sight so much against the hair, with wonder to be derided. Is it then for that reason Nature will not devest that comely Sex of their chiefest Glory? And are they not thus prompted by her to buse themselves in kembering and preserving it? Or is their nature like to that of little Boyes, as *Hippocrates* affirms, or that of the *Egyptians*, as *Herodotus*, who are seldome or never Bald, &c. by reason of their frequent shaving them in their Child-hood?

Or is it because holy Writ injoynes them to nourish their Tresses, for modesties sake to hide their faces and bodies (as some can) in token of their subjection? Or do they not rather preserve their fleece with art and industry, the sooner to

catch their Lovers in those Golden Nets: and in Charity to cover the Baldness of men contracted often by their Venereal embraces? For so the Pea-hens Plumes may conveniently hide her Husbands Bulls feathers?

Or is it the coldness of their Brain that keeps the thatch on in policy, whilst men being hotter quit it for coolness? Or, is it because they are not bearded as men are, nor hirsute over the body (as we see beasts that have horns have no upper Teeth) and so nature supplies that defect *in ver- rite*? Or are they not bald, because old Mistress occasion and Grave Madam *Melancholy*, or Repen- tance are so? For generally they court neither of these dames, nor will they observe their An- tique fashions.

why

Why Barbarians are News-mongers?

Omnibus & lippis notum & Tonsilem.

IT was the custom, it seems, in *Rome*, for blinde men having nothing else to do, and idle persons having little else to do, to come to the Barbarian shop, as frequently as we do now to the Change, or Barse, Coffy-houses, to hear news. What wonder then is it, if the Barbarian amongst us also becomes a Statesman? (For the same custome is still used) when so many *Sir Pols*, *Athenians* and lovers of News daily and hourly bring him intelligence? For this cause *Actius* the South-sayer, and *Tarquius* Barbarian (as I suppose) who with his Razour would cut a Whetstone in two, was ever by *Tarquius* and the people consulted with in all publique Affairs.

Some have hence disputed, whether a Prince's Barbarian be not therefore enobled? And *Angelus* and *Jason* have both concluded the affirmative, because he sticks so close to the Prince's side, being à *Secretis*, ever alone, and first with him in the Morning.

Why may not our noble *Triptolemus* then, that can cut an hair in two, be the best News-Monger, and

and by consequence, the most cunning Statesman? For tell me: who is more Inquisitive and Catechistical, when you come under his hands, and sit in his Cathedral Chair? Tormenting you with divers impertinent questions oft-times purposely, lest you should feel the smart of his Wash-Ball on his Razors wounds? Hath he not therefore his Novel stories at his fingers ends on purpose, as ready as his Customers Nose?

Besides, who hath more to do with News, than he that is so buſie ever about the ears? Again, who should be more exact in News; whose shop is the staple of news, where many new faces resort, at least he makes them new before they depart, renewing youth, and refreshing each face he meets with, as new as day?

Why Melancholy men are witty?

IS it because as Trees set thick hinder each others growth, but transplanted singly thrive best: so Scholars in the University, or Court, either thrive not, or in these full Seminaries are not so much taken notice of: whereas if a while Melancholly and retir'd, they gather more vivacity and produce it with more confidence in all their witty and well-digested discourses?

For if the Melancholly be not mixt with too much Phlegm, but carries a temperate heat (as a dry light makes a wise man) it cause a terse and more serene understanding. Whereas when it is adust and sweltered with the continual excessive heat of discourse and company (as lime burns when water is cast upon it) it rather inclines to madness then a serious constancy of well tempered wit. Or rather is not the reserved person of the nature of the Melancholly Elephant (whose brain being driest) so becomes the wisest amongst all brut beasts?

Why the Cornutee loves the Cornutor?

Is it because they do *convenire in amorem*, or rather *amare veritatem*, and so by a secret Sympathy lovingly agree and direct their lines to one Center? Or is it because where bodies meet, though it be *alternation*, love is engendred, and out of frequency of society at last proceeds a harmony of souls also? Or as the Spaniel who loves his Master the more for beating him, so doth not the Cornutee love the Cornutor the more for cudgelling his wife with his *Flabellum* or Label of generation?

Or is it because *level coils* is a much more sociable and friendly game, then when two onely contend, which makes the sport seem tedious, or more full of animosity in the revenge? But I rather believe, that this disease of the Yellow Jaundies is not so frequent in our Northern Climate as in warmer Countreys, and therefore where suspicion is cold, the fire of jealousy and anger never kindles, but all is done in love; and so but little rancor or heart-burning.

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